

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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SEBASTIAN.

CHAPTER V.

THREE CONSPIRATORS.

At the end of two months Amos went to see his son. He was not, however, able to form any idea of his true state as Sebastian was in bed with a cold. The boy spoke cheerfully, and the prebendary's sister, Miss Jellicoe, seemed nursing him kindly. He was prevented from going again for four months, and then as Dowdeswell was about visiting his friends at Petherton, and as Amos could at that time ill spare the means for his journey, he thought Dowdeswell's visit must suffice for the present.

On his return, after spending a week there, Dowdeswell called at the Rectory and gave a very good account of Sebastian, declaring that the prebendary was the very man to make something of him. He called late at night, so that Amos did not like to detain him by asking many questions. When he had gone, and Mrs. Gould was expressing her thankfulness for such a godfather for Sebastian, Amos could not help observing he wished Dowdeswell's report had been from seeing Sebastian instead of being founded, as it appeared to be, on the prebendary's discourse on the education and management of youth in general.

The next morning, however, he was
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to have more minute information on the subject from Dora.

Mrs. Gould and her daughters were out on parish visits, and Amos was sitting alone in the dining-room over the school accounts, when he heard the gate open and swung to, and a patter of small sturdy footsteps he thought he ought to know coming up the garden walk. The next moment the handle of the door was turned in that peculiar manner which seemed to denote the vigorous efforts of two small and very determined hands, and the oddest little figure appeared before him. It was Dora's face certainly, but there was something so unusual and grotesque in her appearance, particularly in the set of her tiny fur jacket, Amos could not help smiling as he inquired—

"Why, Dora, what is the matter?"

The little lady turned and carefully shut the door. Then she came to Amos, and looking up at him with her eyes flashing and filling, and her fat hands thrown open before him, said, with tremulous emphasis,—

"I've come to tell you!"

"To tell me? What about, Dora?"

"Why, about *him*. They wouldn't let papa see him and they wouldn't let me see him; but *I would* see him. When they were talking I came out and went all up the stairs, and called him; and I found him in his room, and he's so miserable: he's hungry,

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and can't do his books, and he mustn't have anything to eat till he does do them, and he can't, and you must fetch him away."

Then, with emphasis still more tremulous, she said, as she threw out her hands with childish passion,

"There! I came to tell you!"

Amos took her on his knee and dried with his handkerchief the drops rolling off her crimson cheeks, saying soothingly,

"Well, well; I'll go and see him."

When Dora recovered breath, she seemed suddenly struck with admiration at her own boldness.

"I came and told you," she said, "didn't I? Nobody knew; I dressed myself. I went and got my things when nurse was down stairs, and put them on myself, and here I am!"

"Yes, Dora, so I see," answered Amos; "but look here, isn't there something odd?—something not exactly right. What's this?"

As he asked the question he took hold of the collar of her jacket, hanging down just below Dora's waist, and added,—

"Why, it's upside down."

It took Dora some moments of incredulous scrutiny round herself as far as she could see, before she could be convinced of her mistake. When she could no longer doubt the truth of the discovery she broke into peals of laughter, though her eyes were still wet for Sebastian's troubles.

Amos put her to rights and, after looking at her with a critical eye, took her home, feeling rather proud of his attempt as lady's maid.

It soon appeared that the little truant had not been missed, and there need not have been anything known of her escapade if she had not boasted of it all over the house, and to every one she met all day. She had been cunning enough to keep her views of Sebastian and her intention from her father for fear he would frustrate her firm resolution of revealing his state to the rector.

Dora's rather indistinct communi-

cation made Amos decide to tell his wife that Dowdeswell's not having seen the boy necessitated his keeping to his first intention of paying a visit at once to the prebendary. Mrs. Gould had a secret foreboding when she saw him off the next day. She begged him to be very careful and remember how sensitive the prebendary was, and how the least word might endanger all their hopes. She warned him also of taking too much notice of what Sebastian might say, adding she had noticed a slight tendency to untruthfulness growing in him.

But she was not greatly surprised when, in spite of all her warnings, Amos appeared at night, accompanied by a small figure wrapt in the rector's great muffler, from the folds of which issued a rattling cough that sounded in the hall as though a mail-clad warrior had just entered, and was shaking off his armour.

Mrs. Gould went out, secretly full of anger at such a return being possible without her consent, and with fears that the prebendary had been defied as well as herself. But she wished not to be an unjust judge, and so waited till Amos should explain his conduct. She, too, controlled her feelings so far as to be able to assist in unwinding the muffler, and to present her cheek to the cold little lips uplifted for a mother's kiss.

They went into the parlour, and as she saw the thin cheeks, sharp shoulders, and the loosely hanging clothes, the great blue eyes feverishly bright, and with black shadows under them, her heart hardened against the little culprit, for she felt these things would be blamed to the prebendary, while she thought they must really be due to Sebastian's obstinate and rebellious conduct.

"How is this, papa?" she asked. "I thought we were to have no holidays till the prebendary could give us better accounts than he has been able to do yet."

"My dear, I will tell you all about it after supper," answered Amos, rather sharply, for he saw the yearning eyes

already brimming over at so icy a welcome.

What could be coming Mrs. Gould wondered—something serious surely ; or why should Amos be so unlike himself, so silent, preoccupied and resolute-looking ? And why should Sebastian, when he thought he was unobserved, turn upon his father such a glance of almost adoring reverence and gratitude ?

"Well," she observed, as soon as the children were gone, "I should like to know the meaning of this, Amos ; I do trust no slight or disrespect of any kind has been offered to the prebendary. It should, I *think*, be remembered that his interest in your son was entirely generous, and could bring him nothing but trouble and labour, and I'm afraid I must add *disappointment*."

Mrs. Gould did not make this speech aimlessly, or from ill temper. She had not unfrequently known Amos change his purpose after being in like manner advised of her views on a subject on which he had decided to act independently.

At first she thought her precaution must succeed in the present instance, as it had done in so many previous ones.

Amos rose, and looked thoughtfully down at his slippers, generally a sign of vacillation with him, Mrs. Gould had observed.

"If," she continued, meaning to give greater force to what she had already said—"if I had not such faith in the prebendary, I could easily be deceived, as I fear you have been, by Sebastian's appearance, into thinking he has not been well cared for, or has been harshly treated ; but the poor child's obstinacy, which I always saw and dreaded is, I feel convinced, at the root of it. But no doubt when you tell me why you have considered it necessary to make this *sudden* and most unexpected change in our arrangements, I shall be able to understand what is now a perfect mystery to me."

It was not Mrs. Gould's habit to get easily excited, but in this case her

voice rose unusually, her cheeks became hot, and her eyes somewhat feverishly bright, as they glanced at those of Amos looking at his slippers. When, the next moment they looked up from the slippers, and at her, she almost forgot her own anger in surprise at their expression.

"Helen !" said Amos, in round measured tones, such as she had never heard from him before, except in church, "your friend may be a very excellent man, an exemplary clergyman ; he may have generous motives in undertaking the charge of Sebastian, but as to his treatment of the boy, I put my feelings in very mild terms when I say he has been a bungler !"

"The prebendary !" cried Mrs. Gould.

"An egregious bungler !"

"Amos, this to me ?"

"And a very cruel bungler," answered little Amos, with increased obstinacy ; "and I should be as bad, or worse, if ever I send the child back to him."

"Oh ! then all is settled ?" said Mrs. Gould ; "and I am to be taken into confidence *after* the die is cast."

"There was no time for confidence," answered Amos. "I saw the boy was perishing, and I told Jellicoe what I thought, and brought him away. May God help me, Helen ; but, unfit as I am for such a task, I trust to do better for him than that. And now, say no more about it. I am quite knocked up."

Mrs. Gould did not sleep all night. She was as nearly in a passion as she could be. It was bitter to her that she felt so much resentment as to be unable to go to Sebastian's little bed, and weep out her real grief over his pale, dear face. Dear, indeed, it was to her ; had it not been so, she would have felt less anger against Amos for the opposition that brought her pride between her and her only boy.

It was, however, a great relief the next morning when she found that in the various arrangements to be made,

Amos not only showed as much deference to her as usual, but decidedly more. She had feared having once changed his mood so completely, he might never again return to his former humility. This discovery so far softened her, as to make her draw from a certain very small private fund kept by her for the most special of special emergencies—to get nourishing things for the little skeleton, as his sisters called him.

Under her care he so soon recovered flesh and strength, that Amos felt all his old admiration for her revive.

He would not let the boy have anything to do with lessons for some months, though Sebastian was almost painfully anxious to show his gratitude to his father by strenuous efforts. But it was just these sort of efforts that had kept him backward so long, Amos felt. He let him read and amuse himself, and gradually began teaching him almost without his knowing it.

At last, with returning health and confidence, the stricken mind, like a reviving plant, began to lift itself up in natural need for the sun of knowledge that had been made to burn down upon it in its weak seedling state so injuriously. Progress began—at first slowly, then to increase, to the exceeding, but silent thankfulness of the patient tutor.

Heedless of all opinion, strong in his resolution to keep him to himself, Amos went patiently on with his task, and after a year or two began to have a calm confidence in its ultimate success. Perhaps their faith in each other was the best earthly help these two had in all their years of striving together. And yet sometimes it seemed to Amos that the boy frequently had not faith enough in him to ask questions that might save him much difficulty. He had contracted a habit of fear at the prebendary's, which it seemed taking years to remove, and which made him often silent when he should have been communicative, and profuse in explanations as to some act

when none were necessary. Amos had no doubt this might have been easily removed, but for his mother's manner towards him, a manner in which Sebastian could but read a ceaseless reproach for his failure at the prebendary's, thus keeping that dismal epoch of his life always before him.

Sometimes Amos had a dread as to whether this injury would ever be removed. He wished he was half as sure it would be, as he was that the difficulty of learning was altogether disappearing.

Mrs. Gould looked on in a sort of dignified sarcasm, or rather she seemed to gently ignore that education in *her* idea of the word was going on at all.

Her keenest satire was aroused one cold morning, during the week before Easter, by a certain weakness by which both tutor and pupil were inadvertently overtaken. It happened when Sebastian was about fourteen. In that particular week Amos had too much to do to spare any time to Sebastian's studies, except an hour before breakfast. As he was suffering from a cold, and such a thing as a fire was an undreamed of luxury so early, he was obliged to let Sebastian bring his lesson in mathematics, to which he was then keeping him, to his bedside. One morning was so very cold that Amos, having carefully given Sebastian his lesson, ventured to put his hands into bed again, while he watched the boy at his work. He had a stiff neck, and a throbbing head, too, and suffered himself to just lean back a little. It was a thing he had not allowed himself to do before in these bedside lessons, and the result was humiliating.

Mrs. Gould woke and found both tutor and pupil fast asleep with the page of angles and triangles between them.

The event for which little Amos had secretly worked had at length come to pass. Sebastian had matriculated at Dublin University, in his eighteenth year. Amos could only send him for the days of the examination, or, in college

phrase, as a "term trotter." In his nineteenth year, to the surprise of Mrs. Gould and the prebendary, he passed his first examination.

When the news came, Amos hardly dared raise his eyes to his wife's face, feeling ashamed of the joyful triumph that filled him. He supposed, though, that she guessed something of it, for she said—

"That is, indeed, a comfort; but then, of course it's next year that the real test will be."

"Certainly, my dear," answered Amos; "but without a first there can't be a next."

All this year the work lay in the sunshine of hope. Amos was so determined to strain every means he had, to get Sebastian through *this* critical ordeal, that he let him go to Dublin two months before the Trinity Term, and place himself under a tutor.

The time came and passed. Again Sebastian's letter, containing the result of his examination, was in his father's hands.

Mrs. Gould watched the usually steady plump fingers of little Amos tremble as they tore the letter open. She watched him read, and then re-fold it.

"Come, papa, don't keep us in this suspense," she said; "has he passed?"

Amos had to cough before he could get a word out.

"No," he said.

"What has he failed in?" inquired Mrs. Gould, as though that was the only thing of interest to her—the fact of the failure being fully anticipated.

"In science," answered Amos.

"I thought so," remarked his wife, in a provokingly sympathizing tone, that brought up exasperatingly to his mind the cold Lenten morning when she had found them both asleep over Sebastian's mathematics.

"When is he to come home?"

"Not for some weeks; he has found two or three pupils, and is going to stay till he can pay me back all his expenses for this term."

CHAPTER VI.

DORA.

It happened that by the same post one of Sebastian's sisters had received a letter from Dora, full of her triumphs at a school party. Every girl's brother was, according to the young lady's insinuation, more or less smitten by her; but she added she would be home in less than a month now, and tell them "everything," which word was underlined from the middle to the end of the page. In a postscript was added—

"How is your brother? How cool he must have thought papa for not thanking him for seeing us off to the coach so kindly. Two years ago! can you believe it?"

There seemed little enough in this postscript to any one but Amos, but hearing it just then was not pleasant to him. It was just one of those discoveries he was sometimes making of Sebastian's silence on subjects on which he would have expected him to speak—and somehow this discovery added oddly to the disappointment Amos felt in his failure. Sebastian had known that Dowdeswell hinted, the day before he took Dora away to Germany, that her childish familiarity with him should cease. Amos had talked with Sebastian about it, and he had agreed unreservedly, and as a matter that but little concerned him. And now two years afterwards, Amos discovered he had, without saying a word to him, accompanied Dora and her father to the coach. It seemed to him he would have looked forward to meeting him in his failure with greater cheerfulness if this had not come before him.

It was as much a sense of uneasiness to Amos as to Dowdeswell, that Sebastian should be coming home just at Dora's holidays. The very fact of their being expected in the same week made people mention their names together, which of itself was

irritating to Dowdeswell, though he did the same himself.

When Amos met him up at the park gates, and congratulated him on the prospect of so soon having Dora back again, Dowdeswell, in common civility, could but make some allusion to Sebastian's return.

One day, in the very same month that Lillian, more than twenty years before, had given him the roses, in the same room too, Amos sat waiting to see his son and Lillian's child meet.

Sebastian was at the window, writing, when his sisters brought Dora in. It was two years since any of them had seen her, and Amos had a strange dread that these years, which brought her to nearly the age he had known her mother, should have brought also that indescribable sweetness which in Lillian had so overcome poor Amos from the first moment he met her.

He was relieved when Dora came in to see at first nothing but what he considered a brilliant boarding-school belle, happy in her return, and agreeably conscious that others were happy in it too. She was rather slight now, having lost all the sturdy largeness of her childhood at eight years old, when she had grown too rapidly for her strength. But she was now in brilliant health, and had much of her early robustness in spite of the dainty elegance of her figure and movements. There was the same downright plain truth-speaking by word and look. Her very step was more decided than that of ordinary girls. She was not so very unlike Lillian, however, as Amos saw in a second glance. She had the same brown hair, but drawn back and arranged so as to set off to the best advantage the pretty profile, instead of veiling it like Lillian's. Nor had she a touch of Lillian's shrinking, half prophetic doubt of life, as if she had felt an angel's hand on her shoulder, and was warned she might advance no further than the threshold of her womanhood.

Dora had in every look and gesture

the air of one advancing brightly towards bright prospects. The light of looked-for joys, as well as present pleasure, danced in her dark eyes.

She knew all in the little Rectory were glad to see her, and showed how heartily she enjoyed the knowledge by sweet smiles and warm greetings. She seemed to be especially assured as to Sebastian's pleasure at her arrival, and was, Amos noticed, surprised that he met her almost coldly. She stole a puzzled glance at him occasionally, and his air of preoccupation appeared to make her grow quite serious.

A walk was proposed and agreed to.

"Come, Sebastian, are you ready?" called his sister, as the little party came down stairs.

"No, thank you, I have something to finish by the evening," answered Sebastian.

Amos thought this wise, but he would have thought better of it still if Dora's brows had not arched with such a look of surprise as she turned away, and fell into a sudden fit of carpet contemplation.

He would have been better pleased too if Sebastian had not followed with so gloomy a gaze the four passing down the garden between the sisters; the form that, in its girlish grace and summer attire, was as fresh and ethereal-looking as a spray of pink azalea. The parasol, butterfly like, fluttering over it, was raised a little in passing the window. Sebastian's gaze, which was perhaps admiring as well as gloomy, was answered by a smile all beaming and assured, and seeming to express what Dora, as a child, had so often said to him, after tormenting and hindering him at his lessons, "I know you're not really angry with me."

The little party came home tired in the evening, and laden with wild flowers from the Downslip. Amos met them at the gate, and gravely asked Dora if her father would not be anxious about her.

"Oh, no," answered Dora, "he's

away for two days, and I'm to do just as I like."

After tea, Dora sang all her new songs, astonishing and charming everybody, and being herself perhaps the most charmed of all in doing so. Sometimes she would spin round on the music stool, and pour upon them a torrent of school gossip, making Amos and Mrs. Gould smile at the confidence she had in thinking all her school companions and their histories must be as interesting to them as to herself.

Amos saw she could not remain long without a glance in the direction of Sebastian, who, though thawing a little under her brightness, was still unusually reserved and cold. Once, after having been from the room a few minutes, Amos returned; he found all arranged for Sebastian and the girls to walk home with Dora. Amos proposed to accompany them; but Dora, with what he could not help thinking was saucy self-will as well as regard for Mrs. Gould's loneliness, would not consent to his coming. The young lady had her reasons for this, for no sooner were they out of the garden gate, than she gave imperative commands for a walk on the Downslip. She had told them at school that she should take moonlight walks here, and though she knew papa would not take her, moonlight walks she meant to have, and before breakfast walks too. She might have added she had also made some boast of a poor student who would be in a state of helpless idolatry during her stay at Monks-dean; but that, as to her prophecy being fulfilled, she was, up to the present moment, extremely doubtful. When he did make any response to her chattering, it was of a half-sarcastic nature; but Dora liked that better than his silence, and would smile at his sisters in gleeful triumph at having won even so much from him.

But the walk had its charm for Sebastian. The cool night air, the pleasant voice, so familiar and yet so fresh to him, the joyous heart that

would make known all its treasures of hopes and joys, and hunt up its fond memories, from which he was so inseparable, altogether touched him with both pleasure and pain. With the sea on one side of them and the dark wall of downs on the other—the deep wood between them and the sea sending up the scent of its wild honey-suckle on every soft breeze—they found the way so tempting they felt that they could walk all night.

When Dora had been seen home, and Sebastian and his sisters returned to the Rectory, their talk of her fell in with Amos Gould's own private opinion—that she was a bright, good-natured, sentimental girl, and nothing more.

Amos had yet to learn there might be a danger in eyes always seeking each other, no less than he had known in eyes that dared not meet; that Dora, in her girlish innocence, inviting Sebastian to fall in love with her, might be as irresistible as Lillian, with her sad refusal in her face. He had to learn that if Sebastian was cold at first, so cold that Dora, with a sense of childish injury, refrained from noticing him, he had to atone for his coldness by letting her see him pale, discontented, and unlike himself. Then it would be her turn to offer dangerous comfort by some visit, sudden and unexpected, in which she managed to say to Amos, or some of his family, such things as they might think commonplace enough; but that, in Sebastian's ears, had, she knew, their own significance.

Dowdeswell, it appeared, was far more apprehensive of the danger of Dora's intimacy with the failing penniless student. Pity might be all very well, he thought, if it ended in itself; he would wish Dora to pity so sad a case as Sebastian's. His very appearance would naturally awaken such a feeling. He had never quite lost the cough that had settled on him at the prebendary's, and the constant strain of it had made him lean in the slightest perceptible way to one side,

so that when he was out one might know his figure at any distance on the Downs, not only by its tallness, but by one shoulder being slightly more forward than the other. Yet Dowdeswell felt, with some annoyance, that even this did not deprive it of a manly grace, that had as much to do as its one defect in making it stand out to the eye from all other forms. In those days, when he had spent so much time in study under old-fashioned little Amos, his language being tinged by the books he laboured over, had a scholarly quaintness which Dowdeswell thought might well make Dora smile. But then, unfortunately, the rich deep voice, as well as the originality of the thoughts expressed, could but make her listen with pleasure and earnestness, as well as with smiles. As for the true humility of Sebastian's look and manner since his failure that was only befitting him, Dowdeswell owned; but then again what was the use of it on such a face, with its perfect shape, brown ruddiness, and eyes of blue, with pupils black as jet?

Dowdeswell's anxiety was not lessened by the prospect of Dora being at home all the winter, a change in her school management making him decide not to send her there again.

It was not, however, till the spring that he really felt sure of there being anything more than the long-standing friendliness between them.

One May evening, he accompanied Amos up the hill at the back of the little Rectory, to see the progress of his kitchen garden. From it they wandered down the orchard walk in an all-absorbing discussion as to the safest time for potatoes to show themselves above ground. It was a narrow little orchard, and there was a walk on the other side, and on that walk, before they had gone many yards, they both espied through the apple blossoms, Sebastian and Dora.

They were going in the same direction as Amos and Dowdeswell, who could see them all the way along the

orchard. The evening was the first fine one after a long succession of wet days, and the sun shone on the fresh growth that had sprung up in the rainy season like a smile on a young face chastened and beautified by tears. The sky, still leaden-looking in places, had here and there great patches of faint pink, of which the masses of apple blossoms below seemed a tender reflection. Yet the two going slowly along might have been blind to all the freshened orchard beauty that it might be supposed they had come purposely to see. Dora's eyes were on the grass-grown walk, Sebastian's on Dora's face, which was turned slightly from him towards the apple-trees, in the mystery of its tearful looks, tenderness, and doubt. It seemed so natural to see such a couple in such a place, that Dowdeswell felt half ashamed of his anger, and Amos of his anxiety. Yet, for all that, Dowdeswell was very angry, and Amos very anxious, when they got to the end of the orchard and saw the two coming dreamily along, hand in hand. There was evidently no thought of worldly impediments present to either, nothing but love's own doubts and difficulties troubling them; they were simply like Shakespeare's

"Lover and his lass
That thro' a country lane did pass
In the spring-time."

And when Sebastian's hand stole round Dora's shoulders, and she shook it off impetuously, it was certainly from no prudent remembrance of their different circumstances that she did so, but simply because the progress their love had made was already enough to engross and frighten her girlish heart. She had let Sebastian tell her of his love and hold her hand, and that was sufficient to dream over for months to come. But Sebastian took her repulse seriously.

As she leaned against the gate, where the rosy orchard opened on the golden meadow, he stood with his hand

on the gate, and his foot on the lower bar, and the two, silent and solemn as stone statues, watching them, heard him say—

"Why do you play with me, Dora? You say you love me, and yet sometimes behave as if you hated me."

"Well, perhaps I oughtn't to have said it," answered Dora.

Sebastian took his foot off the bar of the gate impatiently.

"You should be serious, Dora," he said.

"I am *very* serious," replied Dora; "and I shall be very sorry for what I have said if you frighten me. You asked if I thought I could love you, and I said I was beginning to love you; but it's only the beginning, and I don't want to be frightened into anything solemn."

"Which means," observed Sebastian, with some bitterness, "that I may hope and work without one word of promise from you to assure me my hoping and working will not all end in my usual reward—disappointment."

"I tell you the simple truth, Sebastian," said Dora. "I like being with you. I think a great deal about you—more than anybody else; but if being unable to promise you more than this yet shows that what I feel isn't love—well, then, it isn't, that's all—and I can't help it. Perhaps I oughtn't to have told you so much, as I couldn't tell you more."

Dowdeswell cared to hear no more. What he had just seen and heard agitated him deeply, yet he controlled his feelings and impulses so far as to fill Amos with astonishment. The last words he had overheard from Dora enabled him on the moment to conceal his real irritation and concern; and he turned back with Amos towards the house, conversing as before on the most trifling topics.

It was a relief to Amos to say "Good evening," and to get home to his own reflections. These were of a strangely mingled character. He thought of his own feelings towards Dora's mother, in days gone by, and these made him

judge tenderly of Sebastian. Yet he could not approve of his son's conduct. He remembered how carefully he had himself taken account of Lillian's circumstances and his own, and how very differently Sebastian proceeded, without either a profession or a prospect in life. But then, Amos again reflected, who can weigh outward circumstances in life's mysterious balance against the pure joy of an ingenuous mutual affection?

Amos was unconsciously lapsing into a strain of reverie that must have absorbed him in his own past rather than in Sebastian's future. However, he roused himself from it under a strong sense of the necessity that was so clearly laid on him to discourage any engagement between Sebastian and Dora.

Dowdeswell, for his part, was determined by some means or other to fix a very wide gulf between them. And with this firm purpose in his mind he went over to the prebendary at Stowey-cum-Petherton the very next day. Without at all referring to Dora, Dowdeswell gave the prebendary to understand that his regard for Mr. Gould had led him to think seriously of Sebastian's present aimless life at Monksdean; and that if the prebendary could suggest any way in which an end might be put to it at once he would be happy to supply the needful means.

Dowdeswell's earnestness carried him farther than he had intended to go in the first instance. He spoke of a business life in London as possible for Sebastian, and still more strongly of some suitable opening for him in the Colonies. The prebendary was an attentive listener till Dowdeswell paused at his own mention of the Colonies, with some misgiving that he was showing his hand too soon or too clearly.

The prebendary, however, had no other idea of his visitor's purpose than that which he had himself stated; and at the mention of the Colonies it flashed across his memory that he had a few

days previously consigned a printed form to the waste-paper basket that might just meet all the conditions of the case.

It was now his turn to speak, and he did so in his grandest manner, first of all expressing his great admiration of Dowdeswell's generous intentions, and then informing him of what he considered an excellent opportunity for giving them full effect. He had, he said, been asked by the commissary of a colonial bishop to recommend a suitable young man for the position of lay assistant with prospect of ordination, and he had at once thought of Sebastian, whose cousin and namesake had been similarly recommended by him in the same quarter, and was now in a fair way of becoming a colonial clergyman. But the commissary had also asked for contributions towards the passage and outfit of the selected candidate. The prebendary then pointed out that if he could supply both the man and the money a distinguished service would be rendered to the Colonial Church; and as the missionary with whom it was hoped the lay assistant would proceed outwards was waiting for the result of the commissary's appeal, nothing could well be more timely than Dowdeswell's help.

Dowdeswell regarded the prebendary as he would an angel of deliverance, and readily endorsed his opinion of the plan he had propounded. He begged the prebendary to have the matter concluded as soon as possible, lest the chance might pass away from Sebastian; but he also particularly requested that the Gould family might have no knowledge whatever of his part in the transaction.

The prebendary promised him to manage matters in this way; but he emphatically added that so generous an act to the Colonial Church must be made known to the commissary, and through him to the bishop.

The sequel of Dowdeswell's interview with the prebendary was, that within a fortnight Sebastian was on

his way to Markland, New Zealand, as lay assistant to the newly-appointed missionary at that station.

CHAPTER VII.

OCTOBER.

RATHER more than four years after his departure the long-expected news of Sebastian's ordination reached Monksdean.

It was received with all the quiet gratitude that those who had learnt to relinquish everything but one small portion of a great hope could feel at finding that portion realised.

When the little house was still, and Amos and his wife sat alone thinking over Sebastian's letter, they did not feel able to congratulate each other in words or even in looks. Each knew the disappointments which had been necessary so to humble and chasten their hopes too well to venture on expressions of gratitude.

It might be, too, that with the night hours came ghosts of other hopes that had been stifled and buried.

The house door was open, and the two, on their way up to rest, stood there a few moments.

The October night was chilly, but lit by the clear hunters' moon over the sea. The trees clustered about the church had their foliage as much thinned as these two had had their hopes. The corn-fields lay bare—the sea cold.

Little Amos, almost without looking at his wife, knew that her eyes were slowly filling as she thought how that warm, teeming May afternoon a quarter of a century ago had toned down to the cold bareness of this night.

He did not like to take heed of it, for he knew she preferred to conquer alone any little emotion that disturbed her usually placid heart. And he knew, too, she had a sure and prompt way of overcoming it.

She was wonderfully little changed by the many years that had passed, and so was Amos. Not that either

had any of those sunny lights and flushes that seem to show a deathless youth in some time-worn faces. There was rather a look of hard preservation about them, the dull, monotonous tenor of their lives appeared to have acted as a sort of preserving balm.

Mrs. Gould's hair was still red, though faded and dull, and smoothed down more rigidly, perhaps to hide the mixture of white that caused the general dullness, but was imperceptible in any other way. Her light-coloured brown eyes were still shrewd and clear, though she wore glasses for reading and needlework. Her cheek-bones stood out more highly; but her mouth was not sunken, her rather prominent teeth being still strong and showing age only in being worn down and yellowed. Her form was thinner, but perfectly erect. Her hands had lost their delicacy, but only looked colourless and muscular rather than aged.

Little Amos was stouter and puffier, and his hair retained but little of its former raven blackness. His face showed him more than ever sure that religion meant calm and amiable resignation to hard, plodding work, and joylessness without sadness.

For him, however, as for his wife, time might have felt sympathy, and caught their way of waiting for Sebastian.

As they stood looking at that silvery way under the moon that seems always to suggest the idea of a path for the return of the absent, little Amos was surprised to hear a sharp sigh from his wife.

"You're not well, Helen," he said, in his dry but not unkind way.

"Yes," she answered, "but it's hard I can't see my boy for so long."

Amos was troubled, but he could offer no comfort; for he knew what Sebastian had said in his letter to be probably true—that he would be expected to work three years at Markland before returning and seeking duty in England. Amos could not help sighing himself as he shut and

bolted the door. But his wife's unwonted fit of despondency and yearning inspired him to say, as he followed her up stairs—

"Oh, we can't tell what may happen. It may not be so long."

In little more than a year Amos was astonished to find himself a true prophet. A letter arrived from Prebendary Jellicoe informing them he was so pleased at the news he had received from Sebastian that he had written to try and make arrangements for him to come as his curate as soon as possible, hinting that there would be little doubt of his wish being complied with.

Amos had, as usual, his own private thoughts about the prebendary's magnanimity towards Sebastian. He was not ignorant of the fact that it had been a difficult matter to get a curate to remain for any time at Stowey-cum-Petherton. The prebendary, however, made it appear he was intending to put Sebastian in the way of preferment, and also to act generously to him at once in the matter of stipend.

Amos thought, too, that the difficulty of which he reminded them—of a colonially-ordained clergyman finding duty in England—was quite true. Sebastian's last letter had also contained the news of his cousin's death; after which Amos felt Markland would be a very different place to him.

Then the idea of having him back was sunshine warm enough to dispel any clouds of doubt that did sometimes arise in Amos Gould's mind, as to the advisability of the proposed arrangement.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

SEBASTIAN had seen enough of the curate's life at Petherton to make him take his godfather's promises for what they were worth. But the temptation to return to England was too strong to be resisted, though he had not a doubt of obtaining at Markland very early and good preferment.

But on the fine March morning when he sailed from Melbourne, after a stormy and wearisome journey from New Zealand, all regrets were banished, and he looked forward to home and home-work with a zest that made him feel as though this was to be his first true start in life.

Sebastian, however, was not to be free from clerical duties and responsibilities even during his journey from the arduous "station" at New Zealand to the by no means easy parish of Stowey-cum-Petherton. He had not been many days on board the *Tasmania* when there was placed in his hands a charge that was not only to occupy his mind during the voyage, but to influence his whole life and the lives dearest to him.

He was talking one evening to the captain, an inveterate gossip, when he heard for the first time there was on board an invalid, not likely to live over the voyage.

"It's a Mr. Ballantyne," said the captain. "I have promised the poor old gentleman's daughter, sir, that you would, I was sure, go down and see him if they should wish it, in case of him getting worse."

"Certainly," said Sebastian; "call me at any time I may be wanted; but we'll hope he's not so bad as you think. Odd enough, there's a man on board now whose supposed death-bed I was called to more than a year ago, and as I'm not a Roman Catholic priest, I may warn you that from the things he told me about himself you had better be careful of him. There he is, the smart gray-haired juvenile in brown velvet and sealskin cap."

"Ah, I have my eye on that gentleman already, answered Captain Fisk. "Caught him setting the men gambling. I'll let him know you recognise him; it may make him careful."

While they were walking up the deck they met the man, and Sebastian stopped and faced him. Putting his finger on a dirty card sticking out of the velvet coat pocket, he said—

"What's this, Crawley? I thought

you vowed you'd never touch one of these things again if your life was spared that night."

Crawley seemed dismayed and sulky at the accident of the protruding card. Thrusting it further into the pocket, he forced a laugh, looked defiantly at Sebastian, and, winking at the captain, said—

"Oh, ah—to be sure. But you know the old saying, 'When Someone was sick,' and cetrer, and cetrer. But I have almost given it up, sir, except for pure amusement—pure amusement."

There was something so repelling in the expression of the man's face, and his winks and sneering tone, Sebastian, remembering his abject terror in his illness, could not stay near him. When he had walked on, Crawley said to the captain—

"What say to a quiet game this evening, captain, for 'pure amusement,' eh?"

"You had better be careful with your quiet games, my friend," said Fisk, rather coolly. "You see the parson knows you."

"Parson! Humbug! Scripture-reader—that's what he is. No more a parson than I am," declared Crawley. And he seemed so heavily oppressed by contempt for Sebastian, and sullen rage at the effect his words had had on the captain, that he turned his back on the ship and leaned over the sea, yet frowning, and spitting into it as though to show he had as much contempt for it as for the rest of the creation.

The captain was rather disappointed at his sudden silence, for he was an impartial sort of man, and would have enjoyed a gossip with Crawley about Sebastian as much as one with Sebastian about Crawley. However, he thought plenty of other opportunities would be sure to offer themselves, and meantime he hurried down below to inquire after the invalid.

The results of his inquiries were such as to make him seek Sebastian and beg him to hold himself in readiness to go to him.

"He is not able to speak just now, but is out of pain, and the doctor thinks if he can doze off for half an hour or so he would be able to talk with you, which he seems anxious to do."

Sebastian's summons to the sick-bed did not come till near midnight. He was sitting up in consequence of what Fisk had said, and, taking his little bag containing his Bible and prayer-book and pocket sacrament service, went immediately.

The door of the cabin to which he was guided was opened by the doctor, who, in passing out, detained and whispered to Sebastian—

"Nearly over. Don't be deceived by his excitement. Quiet him if you can."

The warning was not unnecessary, for Sebastian would certainly have thought life was triumphing over death in the eyes that scanned him with searching eagerness and anxiety as he approached the bed.

The eyes were set under an immense forehead, and in a face that was an ideal of an ancient patriarch's. But to Sebastian it seemed to show a wonderfully mixed character—a tumult of different and conflicting passions. He read there of baffled energy, moroseness, suspicion, doubt, yet dogged courage, gleams of vivid hope, gleams even of triumph.

His scrutiny of Sebastian seemed to fill him with satisfaction—almost, Sebastian thought—if he might believe it—with pleasure. As he stood with his hand laid gently on the sick man's, the gaze of the searching eyes grew more and more full of trust and liking.

"Thank you for coming," he said. "You are one such as I much wished to see just now. Tell me to what disciple was it our Lord said, 'Son, behold thy mother'?"

"John," answered Sebastian, wondering if his mind was rambling.

"Ah, yes. Well, what Christ must have seen in him I see in you—and feel I may say to you before I go, Brother, behold thy sister!"

Startled by the suddenness and solemnity of such a charge, Sebastian looked quickly in the direction in which the trembling finger pointed, and saw the most angelic face he had ever beheld. Angelic was what she simply seemed to him in her beauty and in the tender love her face expressed. Yet the grief it wore was all human enough. Her face was large like her father's, but pure in its pallor as a white camellia. She was in deep mourning, and the only colour about her was in her wonderful blue eyes. When Sebastian had in a few seconds recovered from his first surprise, he could but rise and extend his hand. This action was responded to, but not, he instinctively felt, with any of the father's solemnity or trust. It was rather with a gentle submission, not unmixed, Sebastian thought, with deprecation, as though she would have him understand that, while sparing her father opposition, she would not on her part wish Sebastian to feel bound by any promises he might be called upon to make concerning her. This seemed to him to be very plainly expressed in the mere glance of the large blue eyes and touch of the hand, yet with extreme gentleness and courtesy, and without a shade of pride or repellingness.

She placed a chair for him at the bed-side.

"Cicely," said her father, "have I the papers?"

She put her hand under his pillow and drew from it an envelope, which she placed in his hand. As she did so she bent down over him, and Sebastian heard her whisper—

"Why trouble more? Why not trust me and leave all to me?"

The long pale fingers crept round the golden head, drawing it fondly down.

"My darling," answered her father, "you have a long journey, and a precious charge besides yourself. You must let me have my way in making both as safe as I can."

"Then I may go out while you

talk, and come back presently?" she asked.

"As you like; but don't be long, my darling."

As Sebastian opened the door for her he met her eyes glancing at him with the half fearing, searching look of one who is to be judged by a stranger—herself conscious of her own integrity, but knowing nothing of him or of his judgment.

He returned the look as gently and assuringly as the respect she had already inspired him with enabled him to do; and even the next instant, as he had a last glimpse of her before closing the door, there seemed to him a placidity and confidence on her face as if their minds had been laid open to each other in that brief look.

As soon as she was gone her father drew a slip of newspaper from an envelope and gave it to Sebastian, saying—

"Will you please read that, and tell me if you understand?"

Sebastian read the little paragraph, which he found to be a brief account of a divorce case of which he remembered to have heard. He was looking over it a second time when, in a voice that seemed to vibrate through the shattered frame before him, Ballantyne said—

"And now, sir, will you read this?"

Sebastian took from him the letter he held out, and found in it a full denial by the only two witnesses against the divorced wife of the evidence they had given.

"But this lady," said Sebastian, "is not surely——"

"The one you have just seen, sir—my daughter—and all I ask you now to do is to see this letter put into her husband's hands."

"Yes," said Sebastian, hesitatingly, and hardly able yet to realize the position; "but would it not be safer to—to consult your solicitor—I mean to place this where you are sure of having justice done to her?"

The trembling hand was outstretched a little impatiently.

"No, no," answered Ballantyne, hurriedly; "there's more justice in that man than in all the law courts in England. Don't mistake; all I want is that he *shall* get it."

"And that they shall be reconciled?" asked Sebastian.

Ballantyne's eyes turned on him with a look of perfect confidence.

"Let him get that," he said, "and he will give her no choice."

His eyes drooped and his face whitened, which change was the first reminder Sebastian had of his state, for until now his feverish energy had seemed like increasing strength.

His voice was more faint when he said, looking up again with apparent difficulty—

"You are very young. I should not ask you—so young, and a clergyman, to interest yourself in a divorced wife, if all her misery was not over, and nothing left—nothing that need be mentioned between you but the reconciling of two of the best, the most truly devoted hearts that ever beat."

"A task that any one might be proud to undertake," Sebastian said. "But what a miracle it seems that human justice could be wrung from anything so diabolical as the minds that planned and carried out such vile work."

Ballantyne's wan eyes grew almost brilliant with triumph, but as suddenly dimmed and filled, and there was the pathetic humility of death in life's last glow of pride as he said—

"It was the one thing I've done for her in all her life—the one thing; but who else would have done it? Who would have followed them here and hunted them down—and wrung justice from them as I have done?"

Sebastian was beginning to realize and feel a deep interest in the apparently easy charge with which he was entrusted. Remembering, however, the doctor's warning, and seeing, too, sudden looks of deathliness on the restless face, he dared not say much on so exciting a subject. He there-

fore gently reminded Ballantyne of the thoughts due to him with whom lay the glory of his triumph.

Ballantyne listened meekly, with the restlessness of one whose mind was still busy with other thoughts.

"Stop," he said, faintly. "I wish you to read and pray with me; but I think first it may be better to tell you while I've strength the facts as they really were. It will save your mind dwelling on it; it will save one word being necessary between you and her."

He then gave a very brief account of the case; but the only fact of interest to Sebastian was that, as he expected from the beauty of Cicely, the misery caused her had been the work of a lover whom she had rejected before her marriage—a man of such a nature as made him feel relieved to hear he was not an Englishman.

Ballantyne, in his pursuit of him to Australia, where the wretch had gone after the success of his own and his witnesses' perjury, had been compelled to take his daughter with him, because he dared not leave her near the scene of her frightful suffering.

The story over, Ballantyne asked Sebastian to call his daughter.

He found her close to the door, sitting on the cabin stairs, her face buried in her hands.

When she came in Sebastian withdrew a little from the bed to leave them together; but as he did so, the worn and wounded spirit looking through the wild dying eyes summoned him back.

As he took the fingers feebly signalling to him, and looked with comforting response into his face, the fire died under the stagnant tears. There was nothing left but tender anticipation of his child's happiness.

"I trust you—to see her back to him," he whispered.

"I will do my best," said Sebastian, turning inquiringly to the kneeling figure.

Her only answer was to cling closer to her father; but *he* seemed to take

it as the answer he wished from her, and looked up with more peace to Sebastian as he repeated—

"I trust you."

"You may trust that I will take it as a sacred charge to do the best I can in the matter," Sebastian said.

He was then quiet while Sebastian read to him the words that, uttered by his rich and feeling voice, had comforted so many a wild and fearful spirit on the same mysterious journey.

The poor weary traveller now preparing for it fell into an apparently peaceful state. When the doctor came in he shook his head at Sebastian, as if hinting he would speak no more; and it would have been less painful had it so happened, for a little scene, extremely embarrassing to Sebastian, was the result of his next words. It seemed that he had signed to Cicely to prepare to have the sacrament administered, and she had called in the doctor and her old nurse, that there might be enough persons present. All was ready before Sebastian had noticed what she was doing. When he saw her anxiety he bent over Ballantyne, saying a few earnest words to him. On his asking him if he was "in charity with all men," he gazed at Sebastian, and answered, scarcely above a whisper—

"All but one."

"But you must forgive him, too, or I cannot do what your daughter wishes," said Sebastian.

"Never!" answered Ballantyne, with a smile of what seemed almost childish wonder at the idea.

His daughter had not heard him, and Sebastian could not bear to pain her by telling her, but he felt it impossible to proceed with the service. He tried to make her think the impediment was in his own mind—and, turning to her, told her gently, but decidedly, he was not prepared to do what she wished.

To his extreme pain she entreated him to grant her request, and Ballantyne signed by a sort of feeble frenzy to him to do so.

"I think, sir," said the doctor, "in such a case it's cruel to refuse."

Sebastian remained firm, and only spoke such words as he might to Ballantyne without discussing his request, dwelling on his own need and sureness of forgiveness if he freely forgave.

Soon, however, all remembrance of the matter seemed to pass from him. He raised his head slightly and looked at Cicely. The head was like a wounded tiger's just then, lighted up at the point of death to take a last look at its young, and at once scowling at the world in anticipation of injury to it, yet piteously entreating its protection and succour.

But he said nothing, and fell back in final unconsciousness.

CHAPTER IX.

CICELY.

SEBASTIAN'S refusal to administer the sacrament to poor Ballantyne was mentioned in strong terms by the doctor to Captain Fisk, and being repeated in all directions by the communicative captain, caused throughout the *Tasmania* a murmur of indignation against Sebastian, of which he was quite unaware.

So, too, did his delay in seeking to offer such comfort—as was expected of the only clergyman on board—to the poor mourner. In this matter Sebastian felt much difficulty, and it was quite a week after her father's burial that he made up his mind to speak to her. Even then they only exchanged a few words when passing each other on deck. It was this way for several days more, but each time her look was calmer, her voice more natural.

These glimpses of her gave Sebastian less heroic, but far more pleasing and satisfactory opinions of his charge. Instead of such a romance as he had heard, seeming to belong to her—it appeared cruelly incongruous—she seemed one of those fair, gentle English idols of the house whose joys and

troubles were naturally cast in her own home boundaries. Her tender blue eyes were never meant to stare above the tragic mask, he felt, but to rest serenely on loved faces and scenes, brightening, softening, and purifying all hearts that lived in their sweet light.

The more Sebastian saw of her the less embarrassment he felt in the prospect of having to give her a brother's help and protection, so far as she would let him. There was a timidity in her manner which made him feel that he should be the first to speak of her father's wishes, and make it easy for her to open her mind to him on the subject.

One morning he saw her sitting with her needlework on deck, half reclining on the cushions her careful old servant had brought up. Sebastian thought this might be an opportunity for speaking to her; yet he passed near her several times reluctant to disturb her thoughts, which were evidently very pleasant just then. As she leant back on the cushions—her head on her hand and her elbow on the bulwark—she looked down at the sea with eyes that might have found each wave enrolling some joyful promise. She was as great a contrast to what he had seen her before as the softest morning in April is to the wildest night in March.

He had noticed she wore black on the night he first saw her, and now, instead of appearing in deeper mourning, the richer dress, and the neatness that had then been wanting, made her attire far less gloomy than it had been before her father's death.

Her face was too peculiar for Sebastian to have forgotten it: very defective, yet very rich in those things that make a face pleasant to the eye, and which many perfect faces are without.

It was a large face, very faulty in outline, but it had in its soft curves and milky paleness a wonderful purity. In such a face one expected to see

large, languid eyes and lips, and an indolent lack-lustre sort of expression, while red hair *must*, it would be thought, accompany such a complexion. But here in this large face, with its double chin, appeared eyes and mouth of almost infantile freshness and delicacy, a little Grecian nose, and brows which, though low, were delicately shaped, and wore the light as well as the wear and tear of unevaded thought. They were crowned by hair of light brown, with a glitter of gold in it. The same contrast as there was between the shape of the face and in the centre features appeared in the thick neck and the tiny, exquisitely-finished ears—in the large arm and small tapering hand, the somewhat full form and light foot. Altogether, Sebastian's charge gave him the impression of an unfinished marble sculpture, inspired with human and spiritual life, while in its state of incompleteness.

"I am so glad," said Sebastian, when he at last stood still beside her, "to see you out, and looking so much better."

Her face saddened a little, but not painfully, so that Sebastian saw her happy thoughts, whatever they might have been, had not come by wronging her grief. She did not start or change as having forgotten it, but saddened slightly at finding the memory of it grow more vivid at the sound of the voice that had pleaded with and for her lost one at the gates of death.

She smiled and held out her hand, and then a great pallor and gravity came over her.

Sebastian appeared not to notice it, and spoke of his own return, and of the scenes he had left, in a way to take her thoughts from herself.

She listened with very real interest, and the little talk over New Zealand mission-life led to the discovery that they liked and trusted each other without having made the least effort to do so.

The next day, when they were again together, Sebastian felt it best no

longer to delay in breaking silence on that subject which must sooner or later on their voyage be talked of. The first words he spoke showed him she was relieved, and glad to have removed the restraint there had as yet been between them on the matter so much in both their minds.

"I am quite impatient," he said, turning to her suddenly, "to see your husband. To be spoken of so by your poor father, who I thought could consider no one worthy of you, he must indeed be worth knowing."

The blue eyes were raised to Sebastian's with a gratitude bright, deep, and undisguised as a child's. But after one look, full and frank, they drooped and filled, and the cheeks were overspread with a tint no deeper than the reflection of a red flower on a white one.

"I believe," she said, "I can say truly that I am the only human being I know who has discovered any serious fault in him, and that in knowing him deeply enough to have found that fault, I have seen greater goodness than any one else will ever know is in him."

"I hope I shall not offend you," said Sebastian, "in saying there is one question I should like to ask; but don't be alarmed, for it concerns no earlier time than the night I first met you."

"What is it?" asked Cicely.

"I cannot help wondering why your father showed—almost to the very last—such anxiety about your using the proofs he has obtained for you. He surely could not think you would hesitate about doing so?"

Cicely looked far out over the sea, and her thoughts appeared to have as far to wander as her eyes in her search for an answer to Sebastian's simple question.

After all she did not answer it, but turning to him with that assurance of being understood which one can feel with so few, but which was the peculiar charm of her acquaintance with Sebastian, she said—

"I know I shall tell you what you ask me before our paths divide, but I don't feel that I can do so now."

"There may be no need for you doing so at all," said Sebastian. "It is only in case of all not being well that my promise to your father would make me anxious to be taken into your confidence that I might be of any help I could. But should all be well, as I can't doubt it will be, I shall be more than contented only to hear of your happiness."

No more was said on the subject of Mr. Ballantyne's doubt as to Cicely's use of his papers till two days before the *Tasmania* was due at the West India docks.

It was not that any want of confidence on either side had prevented the subject being referred to; for during their long voyage, a friendship, all cheering and unselfish, had deepened between them. Cicely had as vivid a picture of the little church and village of Monksdean in her mind as if she had sat in the high-backed seat and played in the sandy lane with Sebastian and his sisters. She could wince at the idea of the prebendary in a rage as if she had herself known, like Sebastian, what it was to tread on his gouty toe, or tumble over his crimson-velvet leg-rest.

Sebastian also might have known poor impetuous, ever sanguine, ever failing Peter Ballantyne for years instead of only a few hours, and so tenderly did Cicely touch on all his errors that they appeared but as misfortunes to make one pity him. Yet it was terrible to think of the poor old man's awakening when he began to see his delusions and what they had cost him. What a sweet and precious life in the good wife and mother, ever conscious of his mistakes, and yet so weakly patient with them! What waste of fine qualities in his neglected children kept from their own efforts by his predictions of a brilliant future! Then, too, though Cicely dwelt upon this with such humility, how well Sebastian could understand the old man's cling-

ing to the one real and substantial pride of his life—her marriage with the son of a man who had ever been Ballantyne's ideal, both in character and worldly position.

"I wish you could realise the kind of family," Cicely had said. "Patriarchal in fineness of health and strength and simplicity of living, yet in refinement and intellectual culture keeping pace with the most advanced minds. Imagine every one of the sons with some fine quality of mind a little in excess—some good carried beyond its most useful end a little. Then imagine one avoiding such extremes, yet taking the cream of each example—shunning extravagance in every way; dreading ambition, perhaps a little too much; loving peace, perhaps also a little too much; gifted with a peculiar power of turning all life's good things, prosperity, health, art—to a sort of essence of home happiness—my husband was all this."

Another time, talking on the same subject, Cicely said:

"Of course, though he was considered the least gifted of all the family—*by* the family—it was a great disappointment to them when he married Cicely Ballantyne. I daresay you think, Mr. Gould, that I, thinking of him as I do, felt that he ought to have made a better marriage. But to tell you the truth, and running the great risk of you thinking me vain, I must confess I did not, and do not, feel he was so very humble or unwise in choosing me. Was it not natural and to his own interest he should fancy that one who had always been poor like myself would most appreciate his quiet prosperity; that a great wanderer would most care for what *he* thinks so much of—home; a very weary one be most grateful for rest. No, Mr. Gould, I don't think he made any great sacrifice in marrying me. I trembled more for myself than for him. And I think it was unmentioned but persistent sensitiveness about myself and my own poor family always in trouble that made him begin to misunderstand me. Then

when need for perfect trust came, when I fell under suspicion and calumny, when all his family were urging him to a separation, he saw me with their eyes, and judged me with their judgment."

Sebastian could now well understand poor old Ballantyne's triumph in his last moments at the success of the one solitary thing he had ever taken in hand with true energy and determination, the vindication of his daughter's honour.

"There has been one thought to keep me from sinking quite," said Cicely. "The thought that I should never have known what there really was in my father, but for this trouble; for never have I heard of such almost supernatural conquering of difficulties and penetration of what seemed hopeless mystery. What exertions and self-denials he has gone through none but I can ever know."

Yet in spite of placing so much confidence in him Cicely did not allude to that question of Sebastian's, as to the reason of her father's doubt, till the *Tasmania* sighted the English coast.

They began to talk then of their parting, and how Sebastian was to call on Cicely at the house of her aunt.

Sebastian told her he was not going to his curacy for some days, having to wait in London to see his bishop who was to sign his testimonial from the Markland clergy. He gave her the address of the private hotel where he would stay till his affairs were settled.

In all these explanations he waited for Cicely to give him some idea as to how she wished him to proceed with regard to her father's charge to him of "seeing" the letter given into her husband's hands. Yet she said not a word on the matter.

The only way he could allude to it was by earnestly expressing a wish that he might before his departure be summoned by her to be introduced to her husband, and to go to his work feeling his promise to her father had been performed.

To his surprise, no sooner had he spoken those words than he saw, for the first time since the night of her father's death, her eyes clouded with tears.

"Mr. Gould," she said, "you cannot at all know what a strange and difficult position mine still is, or you would not talk of everything being settled so easily. Like poor papa, you think there is only to prove to my husband his mistake and be received home; and that all could be as it was before. It is odd to me that it never occurs to you *my* trust may have been shaken a little. He has been persuaded, and by those whose judgment is certainly as true and pure as human judgment can be—that he must separate from me utterly—that he must put the very idea of ever caring for me again from him as if I were dead. Remember it is two years since we parted. What may not have happened in that time? You will say why torture myself with conjectures. That is just what I am trying not to do, but still I cannot promise you any more than I could my father to compel my husband, by giving these proofs, to take me back *under any circumstances*. Of course my showing them *does* compel him; and I know his people would be just as eager in my cause now as they were against me before. So that if they should have used all their power and influence to change him, and have succeeded, what a cruel position for him, what a false one for me—for us both. No, Mr. Gould, it may be all well, but I *must* see before I act in any way."

Sebastian did what he could in urging upon her the sacredness of her father's charge to himself, but it was certainly an error, and a very grave one, that he could not do more. No doubt his early experiences of the strength of feminine self-will, as illustrated by Mrs. Gould, had something to do with his too easy surrender to Cicely of the right her father had given him. He had the excuse of feeling certain that all would be well with her, and that her father had only needed a protector for her on her

journey and some one to make known her story in case of anything happening to prevent her reaching England alive, or well enough to act for herself. Had he not believed so firmly in the happy and easy issue of his task, he would not have promised, at her earnest entreaties, never to act in the matter one step without her consent. But he did give such a promise, little dreaming that a time would come when he would hate himself for having done so.

The *Tasmania* reached Blackwall one chilly drizzling Saturday evening at the end of May.

About five passengers besides Cicely landed here. Sebastian went with her and her servant to see them into the train which was waiting. Fisk had told him he would have plenty of time to see the train off. So when Cicely had taken her seat he stood at the open carriage door with his foot on the step.

He wished to say something more than merely good-bye, but felt strangely tongue-tied.

At that instant he remembered he had not given her some ferns he had placed for her between the leaves of an old guide-book. He took the book now from his pocket and a pencil and wrote something which in his gallant allegiance to a good woman's cause did not seem to him extravagant.

He gave the book to Cicely just as the engine coming up sent the train backward with a jolt.

Cicely read on the yellow cover the little verse from King Lemuel's picture of the noble wife :

*"Strength and honour are her clothing ;
and she shall rejoice in time to come."*

Then the train moved forward, and she looked up only just in time to see Sebastian, bare-headed in the rain, waiting to take leave of her as if she were a queen.

Sebastian having called at the London address of his late diocesan, was informed that since his arrival

in England the bishop had resigned his Colonial See, and was then on the Continent on a confirmation circuit. These circumstances rendered it impossible for Sebastian to obtain his counter-signature immediately ; and in his difficulty he was referred to the newly-nominated bishop. This latter, however, explained to Sebastian that being only the "bishop designate," he could not properly act in any episcopal capacity, and that Sebastian's best, indeed his only, course was to wait for his late bishop's return from the Continent, which would in any case happen before his own consecration.

It was a dismal prospect for Sebastian, with his very slender means, to be kept waiting about in London for perhaps weeks. He wrote to the prebendary to learn whether he would wish him to go down to him and return again to London, but his godfather wrote back in some alarm saying it was most important for a colonially ordained clergyman to have such a testimonial as Sebastian's, and he would on no account wish him to leave town till he had it settled.

Sebastian's state of mind was not improved by his receiving three days after he had parted from Cicely, the following letter :—

"June 1st, 18—.

"DEAR MR. GOULD,—I find my worst fears realised. There is no possibility of reconciliation. Spare me the misery of explaining. My aunt has left the house the address of which I gave you. I will not give you any other by which to find me, as remonstrances against the course I now take would be inexpressibly painful. But do not fear for me. I had, as you know, half prepared myself for the worst. God will help me, for I am now truly one of St. Paul's 'widows indeed.'

"Dear Mr. Gould, you will make your name known yet, and I shall hear of it with pleasure and gratitude, though you will in all probability never again hear of
CICELY —."

To be continued.

"IL RÈ GALANTUOMO."

THE combination of mortal diseases by which King Victor Emanuel was struck down in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and twenty-seventh of his reign, found perhaps no man in his dominions more prepared for the event than himself. I do not mean, in making this statement, to refer merely to the fact that for a short time before his decease the king had not been in the enjoyment of his usual health. I allude rather to a much more singular occurrence,—that for at least the full term of a year he had been in the habit of broaching in his intercourse with those most nearly attached to his person, a topic which they certainly would never have dared to introduce, and of expressing his belief that the part which he was best qualified to perform in the great national drama, had been almost achieved; that it would perhaps be well if other actors appeared upon the stage, and that if it pleased Providence to remove him, his sole feeling would be that of gratitude for having been permitted to do so much. He held this language at a time when his robust frame and iron constitution seemed as able to defy or overcome the most serious attacks of illness as in his two previous illnesses, separated by intervals of about ten years, and no sinister indication of any kind gave warning to his family, his statesmen, and his people, of the evil which would so soon befall them.

What King Victor Emanuel himself felt and expressed will be not indeed the first or second thought of those whom the intelligence of his sudden death has shocked, and almost stunned. Their first thoughts will be those of deep sympathy with his children and his people, of apprehension as to the effects which his death may produce on the fortunes of the

new European state which he chiefly contributed to found, of anxiety as to the fitness of his successor to continue in the same spirit his father's work, of doubt whether the complications of the Papal and Eastern questions may not be increased by the substitution of a new personal element, with a character as yet unknown, for another with which European statesmanship has been long familiar. Such, I repeat, must be naturally and necessarily the first thoughts of all on learning the sad news. But to those whose inclination and duties have led them to devote a more special and unbroken attention to the story of King Victor Emanuel's career from the day when he received the crown from his father, Charles Albert, after the rout of Novara, to the day when he breathed his last on his little iron camp-bed in the ground-floor of the Quirinal Palace, to those who during that period of almost twenty-nine years have most closely studied his character, and followed his career, his reign presents itself as a marvellously harmonious and completed epic. And the key to the whole poem is to be found in the title which the instinctive discernment and love of his people so early gave him, "*Il Rè Galantuomo*," "*King Honestman*." Honesty of purpose: that was what Italy most wanted in the young sovereign who received from his father's hand a sceptre under circumstances which would have made the stoutest heart to quail. The little kingdom of Sardinia had been wont to look on the army as its backbone. At Novara it found itself betrayed by a general, and its different divisions more intent on firing upon each other than upon the enemy; Sardinians firing during the engagement upon Genoese, and then

sacking the shops of Novara as a worthy pendant to the last feat, and the old troops of Savoy deliberately turning their backs on their comrades, and marching off the field. This frightful disorganization of an army was only the too faithful reflection of the discord and dissension between the various political parties in the State. Piedmontese cursing Lombards, and declaring that the Royalists of Piedmont had been sacrificed to the Republicans of Milan, the population of Genoa denouncing that of Turin, rising in open revolt, and only reduced to silence by the stern action of an armed force. The cannons of the Austrian conqueror frowning from the bastions of Alexandria, whilst in every town and village throughout the country reactionary priests, doing the work of Rome, were pointing the moral that all these national calamities were but the just penalty paid by a people for disobeying the Roman pontiff. Such was the kingdom of Sardinia in the first months of the new king's reign. He summoned a parliament to help him in his fearful task. The members of his first parliament only brought to, and reproduced in, the chambers of Turin, the political and moral anarchy of which the whole country was the scene. The king made a second appeal to his people, spoke to them in the famous proclamation of Moncalieri, in terms of reproach, of exhortation, of warning, such as has seldom fallen to the lot of a constitutional king to use: "I have done my duty; why have you not done yours?" To the honour of the Sardinian people, be it said, the strong outspoken appeal went straight to, and sank deeply in, their hearts.

King Victor Emanuel's second parliament furnished him at length with the fitting instruments by which the work of constitutional government was to be carried on, and since the meeting of that second parliament, the like instruments have never yet been wanting, and the regular functions of constitutional government have not

been even for a single day interrupted or delayed.

It would be impossible to overrate the services rendered by King Victor Emanuel during the long struggle for constitutional freedom and national independence, and when we now look back upon all that he was and did, it is difficult to repress the feeling that much even of what was deemed his personal eccentricity, contributed to the result. Forty years ago Vinet wrote some admirable papers to prove that marked individuality of character was the thing most wanted in the nineteenth century. Mr. John Stuart Mill has written a good deal to the same effect, and the readers of Lord Macaulay's *Life* will doubtless recollect the criticism to which these opinions of Mr. Mill gave rise.

If a strongly-marked individuality, if a total absence of conventionalism, are things as greatly to be desired in domestic and social life as freedom, unity, and independence are in the life of states, it would be difficult to deny that the life of King Victor Emanuel must often have proved quite as suggestive to his subjects in its private as in its public phases. The two sides were in truth closely connected. He inherited from the example given, and the sacrifices made by, his father, the task of freeing his country from every foreign yoke. He equally derived from the whole experience of his youth and early manhood, the conviction that by nothing in the performance of his task could he be so fettered and restrained as by the vast and strong network of court usages and court etiquette, with all the crouching and fawning creatures of sycophancy and espionage, its eaves-dropping chamberlains, its wily, oily chaplains, its eternal contrast to plain dealing, and truth, and nature. The resolve to free Italy from the foreigner became with him an idea so absorbing and so engrossing, that it never let him go for a single moment; and not even the hold which philanthropy had on Howard's mind, was stronger than

that which patriotism had on the mind of Charles Albert's son. In an almost equal degree, and for a kindred reason, the feeling of King Victor Emanuel towards an ordinary court-life was not one of mere dislike or repugnance, it was that of detestation, of abhorrence.

Superficial observers, ignorant of the king's true character, were quite unable to reconcile the contradictory facts that, whilst his usual mode of life might be termed almost rough and coarse, he perfectly understood and even rigidly exacted on state occasions the most minute forms of court ceremonial. There really was no contradiction whatever. The court ceremonial relates to the royal office, and ought therefore not only to be done, but to be done with care, and neither the high dignitaries of his own state, nor the ministers of foreign states accredited to his government, ought ever to be furnished with the slightest excuse for neglecting the signs which reflected more important realities. Every Italian knew that King Victor Emanuel infinitely preferred chamois hunting on the mountains of Piedmont, or wild boar hunting amidst the juniper thickets of San Rossore, to receptions of other royal personages, whom, in many cases, he had never seen before, and would perhaps never see again. But however great the attractions of the chase, they never prevented the King from abandoning at a moment's notice his favourite sport, and hurrying to his capital to do the honours of his kingdom if so required. Next to the chase his chief delight was in farming, and those who only saw him at La Mandria, might, if familiar with the traditions of English history, have imagined that they were beholding a counterpart of George III. at Windsor. The resemblance was somewhat treacherous, for our Farmer George, in the intervals of his agricultural pursuits, saw many fair provinces torn from his empire, whilst Farmer Victor's care for his flocks and herds did not divert

him from the task of building a new empire up. The real fact was that whether in contact with or at a distance from his ministers, whether farming or hunting, his mind was always occupied with the same idea. It formed not the sole, but the chief, subject of his reading, and he rarely went to bed without reading an hour or more in the royal logbook, constructed according to his own direction, and for his own special use. He had in his cabinet two secretaries, whose sole duty was to read during the day all the more striking passages in the journals of Europe that bore on the acts of his government, or on the relations between Italy and Europe. If written in French or Italian, the scissors did the necessary work, and the extracts were pasted down. If in German, English, or any other European language, of which the King was ignorant, one of the secretaries, a Venetian polyglot, rendered the foreign notice or commentary into Italian for the Sovereign's use. That formed King Victor Emanuel's nightly reading.

He exacted with unsparing rigour from his secretaries that, in the performance of their task, they should always give the preference to dissentient or hostile criticism. He possessed, according to the testimony of all the statesmen who had most intercourse with him, whether Cavour or Ricasoli, La Marmora or Minghetti, great natural talent, an extraordinary power of taking in the bearings of a political situation at a single glance, a shrewd estimate of character, and that peculiar development of memory in reference to all the persons he had ever seen or spoken to, which appears to be as inherent in royal personages as the power of a shepherd to distinguish the faces of his sheep. To these natural gifts he united, after the fashion just described, a continuous course of reading on the subject which after all it was most important for him to know. Foreign statesmen, when conversing with him for the

first time, were often surprised at his knowledge of the views held by the politicians of other countries. When one knows how constant and familiar was his mental intercourse with the first publicists of the Continent, there was nothing surprising in the matter. And it may fairly be questioned whether, for the special task which he had set before him, this very peculiar discipline, these lonely readings under the Alpine tent, the Tuscan shooting-box, or the Roman villa, were not more useful and suggestive than the eternal recurrence of the same court-conventionalisms from which he could scarcely have disentangled himself had he lived in the usual court fashion. His reading was not, however, confined to this daily chronicle of Italian and European politics; he delighted in books of voyages and travels, and sometimes at the close of a day's Alpine sport would get his huntsmen to sit on the grass around him, while he read aloud for their amusement something by which he had been more especially interested when reading the night before.

Even this slight insight into the private life and personal character of the king may suggest the conclusion that King Victor Emanuel's decided individuality was of a kind not in-harmonious with his great patriotic task. The man—the honest man—took precedence of the king, and the title of *Rè Galantuomo* was but the national expression of that belief. As in the case of the founder of the Bourbon dynasty in France, his deep, broad, strong humanity was the foundation of Victor Emanuel's influence. In contrasting the character of Henri IV. with the last false and sanguinary rulers of the House of Valois, we think not so much of the valour in arms or the skill in diplomacy which the first Bourbon king displayed, as of the kindness and geniality and generosity which endeared him to all classes of his subjects, and of the thousand traits of good humour by

which, in the most common occurrences of life, the intercourse of the man with his fellow-men was marked. Doubtless the Bourbon was of a higher and a more varied intellectual type. No future Nodier or Ampère of Italian letters will ever point, in the columns of the *Pasquino* or the *Fischietto*, to such exquisite morsels of fun and satire as the editors of the *Satire Menippée* ascribed to the pen of the royal leader of the Huguenots. Yet Victor Emanuel will leave his own stamp, and it will remain as long as the name of Italy and the story of her struggles shall endure on that field of letters in which he most loved to toil. Each of his royal speeches, from 1849 to 1878, marks an epoch in the history of Italian regeneration, and in each of those speeches the most forcible and spirit-stirring passages, such as the famous "I am not insensible to the cry of pain which comes to me from all parts of Italy," are from the king's own pen.

How far Victor Emanuel merited the title of "King Honestman," by his bearing during the long national movement, may be best estimated by a rapid review of the successive influences employed to divert him from his straightforward path. "Get rid of the constitution" was the language addressed to him by Marshal Radetzki just after his accession to the throne; "all will then be well. You will find in Austria your warmest friend, and she will help you to the possession of Modena and Parma." And the simple answer was, "I cannot; I must keep my oath to my people." "Abolish the constitution," was urged in blind good faith by a large section of the old Piedmontese aristocracy, and the chief military men; and the counsel was echoed, in more affectionate and imploring tones, by an Austrian mother and an Austrian wife. He stood firm. Then came the Sicardi laws, placing priest and layman on the same level of civil equality; and the storm rose higher and howled

louder. To the Councils preceding the passing of the law he showed greater boldness and more true political sagacity than his own ministers. "If you deal with priests at all, don't merely tease and worry them; do enough to render them innocuous." Such was the language held by him to his cabinet. The two chambers voted the law, but the royal assent was not yet given. Might it not at the last moment be withheld? His old tutor, Bishop Charvaz, implored him to withhold his signature. His mother threw herself on her knees at his feet; but the maternal influence which turned back a Coriolanus from his march against Republican, did not deter Victor Emanuel from his onward course against Papal Rome. Then, as if to mark the wrath of Heaven against the impious foe, wife and mother and brother were all struck down by the hand of death, almost at the same time. "It is too much—it is far too much to bear," he exclaimed, in an agony of grief. "Wife, mother, brother, all taken away, and the priests yelling in my ears that it is the just punishment of my sins, and that I shall never enter Paradise. But my road to Paradise shall be the happiness of my people.—(*La mia Via del Paradiso sarà la felicità del mio popolo.*)" Great and patriotic ministers stood by his side, but even those ministers were not always agreed amongst themselves. The chivalrous, high-minded, but too morbidly sensitive and fastidious Massimo d'Azeglio took fright at the violent language of the Turin press, and was willing to have trenched on the freedom of that press at the suggestion of foreign powers. Count Cavour held a bolder tone. Victor Emanuel sided with Count Cavour, made him his premier, and had to witness before long a Turin mob brought together by joint clerical and protectionist influences, attacking the premier's dwelling, and shouting beneath the windows of the royal palace, "We want bread, not

laws." Again, Victor Emanuel stood firm by free trade, as he had stood firm against Jesuit assaults.

Then came the Crimean war, in which the participation of Sardinia, chiefly through the king's cordial concurrence, was openly denounced in Parliament as a piece of Quixotic folly. King Victor Emanuel had then to bear up against, first the rebuffs of the French and English Governments, which did not receive his offers of alliance with much cordiality, and next, against the, for a time, dissentient views of his own minister of war, La Marmora, and the, to the very last, most honest opposition of his own minister of foreign affairs, Dabormida. How the negotiations at the Paris conference of 1856 prepared the way for the memorable events of 1859 is known to all the world, but those only who lived in Italy during that period and saw a little of what was then passing behind the scenes can estimate the difficulties by which the king and his great minister were surrounded in their task. If at Paris the old traditions of French diplomacy and an infinite variety of court influences were brought to bear upon Napoleon III., at Turin the jealousy of rival statesmen was as constantly seeking to undermine Count Cavour. Successful as the war of 1859 was, its abrupt termination by the Villafranca armistice called into existence a host of political and diplomatic embarrassments more threatening at the time to the Italian cause than the cannons of the still unoccupied Quadrilateral. And here at this precise moment the true strength of King Victor Emanuel's character made itself felt. Cavour had withdrawn dismayed and to all appearance broken-hearted to Switzerland. His successor, Rattazzi, was writing to the provisional governors of the revolted provinces desirous of annexation to Sardinia, and to the Sardinian ministers at foreign courts, telling them not to indulge in delusive hopes, as there was no chance of obtaining

better conditions. The king, on the contrary, hoped bravely on, and told Tuscans and Romans to share his hopes. As the national prospects brightened there came another cloud, nothing less dark and ominous than the menace of a religious war. And when all these difficulties were overcome, and the successes of Garibaldi in the following year had placed nine millions of Neapolitans under the Sardinian dominion, it almost appeared as if the fresh difficulties, the democratic hopes, and provincial rivalries called into being by the Garibaldian movement would neutralise the advantages which it had procured. Then followed the death of Count Cavour, and in every corner of the civilised world might be heard the mournful prediction that the hopes of Italy were buried in the tomb of her greatest statesman. But seventeen years have elapsed since Count Cavour was laid in that tomb, and the onward march has never been arrested; and foremost in the van was still to be seen the figure of King Honestman, trusted by Venetians and Romans whilst they were still held down beneath the Austrian and Papal yoke, and permitted by Providence to justify their trust by the final liberation of Venice and of Rome.

A portrait to be true must have its shades equally with its lights; but the writer who pens a notice of the late King of Italy with a whole nation around him weeping for the monarch's loss, may be pardoned if at such a moment he refrains from adding these shades in the presence of the darker and more solemn shadows which have sunk down on the Palace of the Quirinal. In speaking of the late king I have mentioned in connection with his name that of Henry IV. of France. The people to whom the first Bourbon king gave peace and order were willing to overlook, in their gratitude for such boons, the faults which they could not ignore; and reverting to that large-souled humanity which was common to both princes, I believe

that the memory of King Victor Emanuel will become associated in the mind of posterity with the thousand little traits of good temper and good humour, of personal tact and keen sagacity, with which it was associated in the minds of his own contemporaries. Of the anecdotes illustrating his ready tact one or two known as quite authentic may be given. When the conflict between Church and State in Piedmont was at its height a deputation of noble ladies from Chambery waited on the king, imploring him to revoke the decree by which the Nuns of the Sacred Heart were expelled from their city. They saw no prospect, such was the declaration made by them to the king, of having their daughters properly educated if the pious sisterhood should be removed. The king heard them very attentively, and at the close of their appeal most courteously replied: "I believe you are mistaken. I know that there are at this moment in the town of Chambery many ladies much better qualified to educate your children than the Sisters of the Sacred Heart." The ladies looked surprised, exchanged inquiring glances with each other, until at last one of them, addressing the king, begged him to point out the pious teachers of whose existence they were ignorant. "The pious teachers," replied the king, bowing more courteously than before, "are yourselves; your daughters can have no persons better qualified to superintend their education than their own mothers." The ladies of Chambery offered no further remarks, but left the royal presence-chamber in silence.

An equally characteristic trait was furnished when, after the annexation of Tuscany, he visited Pisa for the first time. On driving to the cathedral, where an immense crowd had gathered to welcome him, he found the great gates closed by order of the reactionary archbishop, Cardinal Corsi. After a delay of one or two minutes it was found that a small side entrance had been left open, and the king proceeded

towards this door. But the crowd of Pisans resenting the insult offered to the king broke out into indignant and even menacing cries against the cardinal-archbishop. Victor Emanuel, waving his hand from the top of the steps, told them to be calm, exclaiming at the same time in a good-humoured tone—"It's all right. His Eminence is only teaching us by a practical instance the great truth that it is by the narrow gate we have a chance of getting to heaven."

Beloved as he was by all classes of his subjects he seems to have inspired an unusual degree of affection amongst the humble classes with whom he came most in contact, and of all the tributes to his kind-heartedness spontaneously paid in the Italian capital during the last hours of his life none perhaps was much more touching than the token of sorrow offered by the groups of peasants and farm labourers who came in from the estates of Castel Porziano, Belladonna, Porta Salara, &c., and remained in the garden of the Quirinal Palace, asking the news every five minutes, and not leaving until all was over. Immense as is the shock which his unexpected death has given

to his own family, to all who knew and loved him, and to the entire Italian people, the calamity has not been without its compensations and consolations. It has bound together by the sentiment of a common loss the various members of the great national family. It has made them once more pass in review with the mind's eye the various forms of degradation and suffering which they not long ago endured, and has rekindled the feeling of joy and gratitude for their deliverance. It has taught them that in the battle of life, which in one form or another, for one cause or another, all men, either as individuals or as classes, must be prepared to fight—the best sword is simple honesty, the best buckler is unwavering faith. It was by the use of such weapons that King Honestman came forth triumphant in the successive campaigns of the long national warfare, and no better prayer can be breathed at the dawn of a new reign than that in these matters of singleness of heart and honesty of purpose the son and successor of King Honestman may tread in his father's steps.

JAMES MONTGOMERY STUART.

ROME, Feb. 10, 1878.

LORD SHELBURNE.¹

SEVERELY as he was judged by certain contemporaries, the lapse of time has rendered it no longer necessary for a biographer to rehabilitate or whitewash Lord Shelburne. It cannot indeed be said that his contemporaries generally condemned him at all; and as the events of his time have receded into the perspective of history, his figure and attitude have steadily attracted more and more respect and admiration. Shelburne was one of those who are in their own time much talked of and little understood; but the mass of Englishmen in his time certainly both admired and respected him. The sole basis of such power as he possessed was his personal popularity and reputation; and it is certain that these went on steadily increasing from the beginning to the end of his career. Unusual popularity is always attended by detraction, and Shelburne's influence may be measured by the increasing enmity which he excited among his rivals. Johnson and Walpole merely repeat the cant saying of rival politicians when they say that his reputation had no solid foundation in the popular opinion, and that he recommended himself to the King only by his unbounded flattery and servility. Shelburne's manners were habitually popular: but this allegation could be nothing better than an ill-natured surmise. George certainly chose him as premier mainly on account of his popular qualities; and those very qualities made him additionally odious in the eyes of his Whig rivals. He was essentially a popular minister. Had Shelburne continued in office he would certainly have carried through that reform of the representation which Chatham had contemplated, and which

the younger Pitt attempted in vain. He would have made more sweeping onslaughts on the restraints upon trade than lay in the younger Pitt's power. In all this the King and the people would have supported him, and he would probably thus have cut away Whiggism at its foundations half a century before the appointed time. Never was there a fairer prospect of Reform than when Shelburne became minister in 1782. That prospect was blasted by the Whigs. They boasted that they had "destroyed" the popular statesman: but the blood of the martyrs has always been the seed of the Church.

Shelburne's detractors are all comprehended in one name—his political rivals. By the practice of the time it was the duty of every political aspirant to attach himself to some established faction, and to display such qualifications as he might possess for becoming one of its wirepullers. With the first party which Shelburne joined he soon found it quite impossible to act with any public credit or self-respect. He was yet a young man when he committed an offence which exiled him from that sorry camp, and opened a source of perpetual detraction. Again, when the King invited the two strongest of the Whig factions to unite and carry on the government in 1763, Shelburne served this coalition, though they had not a single statesman among them. It was natural enough that they should look askance upon him. Shelburne had taken part with an upstart faction, formed for the purpose of abolishing the Bedfords and Grenvilles altogether. In the eyes of the Whigs those who had composed this faction were vagabonds and outlaws; but Shelburne had disgusted the virtue of the Rigbys and Jenkinsons by his startling disregard of the great principle of honour among thieves. Shelburne, in a paroxysm of

¹ *The Life of William Earl of Shelburne.* By Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice. Vols. II. and III. Macmillan & Co.

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public virtue, had committed that sin which public jobbers never forgave. He had sinned against the chief wire-puller of his party; and this crime rendered him as odious to the Bedfords and the Temples as to Lord Holland himself. In after years they made Shelburne's dismissal from office the price of their adhesion; and thenceforward he passed into the ranks of those who opposed the royal policy. His opponents triumphed: but who would not rather have the feelings of Shelburne throughout that long and noble opposition than of those venal Whigs who went over in a body to assume the royal livery?

But there were still among the Whigs a handful who were found faithful to their traditions. When Grenville resigned, the King proposed to his uncle to form a ministry; and the Duke placed at its head Charles, Marquis of Rockingham, a young nobleman who personally stood well with the King, and though boasting of no great abilities, had great temper, prudence, and judgment. Rockingham did his best to form a strong ministry. Could he have persuaded Pitt to join him, the government might to some extent have recovered the strength of the coalition of 1757. Pitt, not without reason, refused to play second fiddle to this youthful lord of the bedchamber. If Rockingham failed, as fail he must, Pitt would be, politically speaking, his residuary legatee. Pitt knew that by holding out a little longer he was safe to command the market. He, at last, would have no difficulty in forming a ministry on as broad a basis as he pleased. Pitt's influence was steadily advancing; the people were for him almost to a man; Temple was his sworn ally, and if Temple should prove restive, the Bedfords were only too ready to supply his place. Half the Rockinghams, he anticipated, in spite of their profession of party fidelity, would serve under him as readily as under their legitimate leader; and the event justified the forecast. Shelburne had already cast in his lot with Pitt, and Pitt had

shown a disposition to prefer him before all the rest of his adherents as his chief lieutenant. No wonder, then, that Shelburne also declined Rockingham's advances.

This estrangement of Pitt from the Rockingham party was fraught with heavy misfortune to England. With Pitt and Shelburne at the head of that party, and the followers of Lord Rockingham and Lord Temple as its main support, England would have been spared the miserable consequences of the policy adopted by Grenville, and Townshend, and North, and obstinately carried out at the instance of the King. But the Rockingham party could put forward, not without reason, another view of the case. And here we come to that which perhaps has most damaged Shelburne personally with posterity. Shelburne, by refusing to forsake Pitt and join the Rockinghams, and by consistently keeping outside their pale, laid himself open to the jealousy and hatred of the most respectable political connexion of the time. The party of Burke and Fox was by no means above common human jealousies; and bitterly indeed did they avenge themselves on the independence of Shelburne. They never acted gracefully in office with him, though he yielded them the lion's share of the patronage. When at length Rockingham died in office, and Shelburne accepted his place without consulting them, the climax was reached. They never afterwards ceased to heap reproaches on his name: and it is the deliberate condemnation of these patriotic men that has affixed the most serious stigma on Shelburne's good name.

We see now clearly enough why Shelburne was so odious to the professional politicians of his time. He was, in the fullest sense of the word, an independent statesman. Here were three or four sets of professed intriguers, neither of which was collectively respected or trusted by the nation. They disliked each other, no doubt; but they must have detested one who gave himself the airs of a patriot, and did not conceal his own

contempt for them all, though he could not be sure of ten votes in either House of Parliament. This was bad Whiggism; and the Whigs reviled Shelburne accordingly. Nor was he better adapted to please the Tories. The Tories of that time had no opinions or policy in particular; but they had strong hatreds, particularly for the Whiggish arts of popularity-hunting. Now these arts were practised by Shelburne with the highest success. Shelburne was a kind, good-natured man: of simple and earnest address: very much what is called a "taking" man. "Il est simple, naturel," a French lady¹ writes of him; "il a de l'âme, de la force; il n'a de goût et d'attrait que pour ce que lui ressemble. Il a d'esprit, de la chaleur, de l'élévation. Il me rappeloit un peu les deux hommes du monde que j'ai aimés, et pour qui je voudrois vivre ou mourir." Dr. Johnson, who was indebted to Shelburne for much personal kindness, never thoroughly respected him on account of the familiarity of his manners. A nobleman, in Johnson's idea, should always be on the high horse. Dignity of manner without insolence was best; but the cruelest insolence was better than want of dignity. Johnson apparently preferred the dignified heartlessness of Chesterfield to the easy geniality of Shelburne; and respected the former more for keeping him day after day shivering in his anteroom, than the latter for entertaining him week after week in the best intellectual society of the day in the family mansion at Wycombe.

The highest praise Johnson is known to have given to Shelburne is that he was the sort of man to be at the head of a club. He added, to save misapprehension, "I don't say *our* club." What he implied was that Lord Shelburne, the friend of Franklin and Morellet, of Garrick and Sir William Jones, of Priestley and Turgot, the chosen pupil of Chatham, the second best debater in the House of Lords, and the shrewdest thinker in both Houses of Parliament,

¹ Madame de l'Espinasse. Quoted by Lord E. Eitzmaurice, vol. ii. p. 227.

was not by any means a man to set at the head of a meeting of intelligent and cultivated people. He was only fit to preside at those vulgar social gatherings which in those days were the chief instruments of social and political influence, in all grades of society, and where the chief pursuits were drinking, gaming, and buffoonery. "Was he not," asked Boswell, with the obvious intention of "drawing" Johnson, "a factious man?" "O yes, sir; as factious a fellow as could be found. One who was for sinking us all into the mob." Boswell, who knew the obligations of Johnson to Shelburne, was naturally surprised at all this. He tells us that he inwardly hoped that Johnson really appreciated Shelburne's great character better. Beyond a doubt Johnson did so. But how monstrous must have been the prejudice which could thus distort, to a friendly eye, a character so truly noble as that of Shelburne; and how gross the general injustice of which Johnson's contempt was but a reflection!

The judgment of students of history has scarcely hesitated between the rancorous detraction of Shelburne's rivals and the popular estimation which ranked him with Chatham as an able and judicious statesman. The people were in the right; and since the heats of that generation have passed away, Whig and Tory opinions have united to do Lord Shelburne justice. The way for this was no doubt prepared by the consistent and farsighted liberality of his general opinions: but we do not know of one of his specially political acts which will not bear the test of a dispassionate examination. But these political acts were few, and they bore but little fruit. His general opinions, on the other hand, faithfully reflect that mighty sunrise of liberal thought which from one end of Europe to the other slowly and steadily advanced all through the latter half of the last century, and was only shrouded for a time by those sombre and threatening clouds which accompanied the heart-shaking convulsions of the French Revolution.

We have already noticed in these pages the first volume of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's work. That volume brings the reader to the middle of the year 1766, when Shelburne, then in his thirtieth year, accepted from Chatham the office of Secretary of State for the Southern Department, which he held for two years and a quarter. During that short time the hopes with which the Chatham ministry had set out were rapidly being dissipated. Chatham himself, shorn of his old popularity, had fallen into a condition of irritable lethargy. His old statesmanlike faculties seemed to have deserted him. While he refused even to aid in shaping the policy of his colleagues, he behaved to them individually with insupportable haughtiness. The most valuable of Chatham's servants were unquestionably those whom the patriotic moderation of Lord Rockingham had suffered to remain in office when their leader quitted it. Chatham knew this, and he hated them for it. Unable to sustain their position with honour, Saunders and Keppel quitted the Admiralty, the Duke of Portland resigned the post of Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Bessborough that of Postmaster-General. Conway was with difficulty prevented from following them; and by doing so he would have consulted his future reputation. He became utterly powerless and insignificant in the midst of the alien element which was now infused into the administration. It was the same with Grafton, who was only a premier in name. An alliance with the Bedford Whigs was the only thing left to Grafton, after the death of his brilliant and popular Chancellor of the Exchequer; and this meant a total abjuration of the principles with which the name of Chatham was associated. These principles Shelburne unflinchingly asserted. But Shelburne by this time stood absolutely alone. In vain he appealed to Chatham against his colleagues. Having nothing in common with them, odious to the King, and left by his chief to shift for himself, it was impossible for him to hold his ground, and his dismissal or resignation

became imminent from the day of the compact with the Bedfords.

The first among the public questions of that day was that of the pacification of America. Shelburne, following Chatham, and taking a bolder and more liberal line than that of Rockingham, held American taxation to be illegal and unconstitutional. Had he been continued in office, he would have proved it to be unnecessary. The grounds of his intended policy are well summed up by Lord Edmond:—

"The chief expenditure of the mother-country on behalf of the colonies was incurred for military purposes. The total amount was estimated at 400,000*l.* annually. The question was whether that expenditure was necessary. If it were not, there was every probability that the ordinary revenue of the Crown, if carefully tended, and the grants of the Colonial Assemblies, would be sufficient for securing and defending America, and that there would consequently be no necessity for raising the difficult question of the right of the mother-country to tax. This was the opinion of Shelburne. He believed the road out of the difficulty to lie in increasing the land revenue, in reducing the military forces in the towns, where they could not be wanted except for overawing the colonists, and in only keeping up the force necessary to check the incursions of the Indians."—Vol. ii. p. 32.

That this was the true policy of England towards America is beyond dispute. Arguments, however, were not wanting on the other side. France and Spain, smarting under the humiliations inflicted on them by Pitt, were scheming to retrieve their losses; and they were encouraged by the weakness and division of the English ministry, which it was impossible to conceal. A great military force must be forthwith organised in America as a demonstration against the Bourbon powers. Townshend, always disliked and slighted by Chatham, and bitterly jealous of Shelburne's abilities and popularity, was the chief advocate of this view. He easily obtained his own way both in Parliament and in the cabinet. Conway stood alone among the professed Whigs in resisting him; for even Camden, Shelburne's only colleague who was a personal adherent of Chatham, forgot the principles of his

leader. Coercion was resolved on, and Townshend carried in the cabinet his scheme of the fatal Five Duties. Soon after this Shelburne ceased to attend the cabinet councils, and applied himself to doing what he could in his office of Secretary of State, to prevent the pernicious policy of his colleagues from producing its full crop of disasters. In this he doubtless did his duty as an Englishman, but he rendered his position as a minister untenable.

Townshend died suddenly, and the administration fell, as we have seen, into the hands of the Bedfords. The isolation of Shelburne now became more conspicuous than ever, and the Duke of Bedford was not long in taking active measures to remove the anomaly. To turn Shelburne out would have been to weaken the slender credit of the ministry with the country, and he contented himself with compelling Grafton to rearrange the duties of the secretaries. A new office, that of Secretary for the Colonies, was created. Shelburne was now deprived of all official connection with the affairs of America, and Lord Hillsborough, a tool of the Duke's, succeeded him. Shelburne submitted to the change. He had held his post as long as it was defensible, and he quitted it with honour and dignity. He was still a foreign secretary; and he made one more ineffectual attempt to maintain the credit and the traditional policy of the country. We need not repeat the story of the abandonment by the British ministry of England's old allies, the brave islanders of Corsica. Shelburne, who thoroughly understood his own province, would certainly have saved them from the hands of France, and the firm attitude which he maintained delayed their fate. The influence of England with the European powers was still dear enough to the majority of the cabinet to frustrate the avowed Bourbon policy of the Bedfords; but on this one point they were too elated by their other successes to accept defeat. Weymouth took care to assure all the diplomatists in London that Shelburne had lost all his authority; that England would never go

to war for Corsica; and on learning the true state of the case, the French Ambassador flew to Paris. The attitude of the French ministry changed at once, and the fate of Corsica was sealed. The island soon surrendered to a French army, and thus was purchased the ascendancy of the Bedfords in the Duke of Grafton's cabinet.

The time had now come when Shelburne must either resign or be expelled. Though quite alone in the cabinet, he continued to oppose the despatch of soldiers to overawe America and the illegal expulsion of Wilkes from the House of Commons. Grafton at length wrote to Chatham demanding Shelburne's dismissal. Chatham replied by declaring his own resolution to resign the Privy Seal, and Shelburne anticipated his foes by resigning the seals of the Foreign Department. The influence on British policy of both the Rockingham and the Chatham parties, including every man in England who was entitled to be called a statesman, was thus finally extinguished. There was not a single point worth mentioning on which these two parties differed, and the division between them is perhaps the most calamitous fact in modern English history. But for this division, there would not have been a war of coercion in America. Twenty years afterwards, there would perhaps not have been a war of repression against the French nation. The debt of England would have stood at less than half its present dimensions. Official reform would have been completed, and parliamentary reform begun half a century earlier. Free trade to a limited degree, and religious emancipation in its fullest extent would have followed, if Shelburne's convictions had been allowed to predominate. It is hard to say on which of the two lies the chief blame of this unhappy schism. The balance of culpability lay sometimes with one, sometimes with the other. Rockingham and his friends were to blame in not acknowledging the supremacy of Chatham; Chatham was to blame for the failures of the Government which he nominally

headed. Fox and Portland will never lose the odium of the coalition of 1783. Both parties united as cordially as they could in expressing the folly and wickedness of the coercion of America. They steadfastly opposed the growing influence of the crown, and agreed upon a general crusade against sinecures, and an improved public economy. During these years Shelburne was assiduous in his attendance in Parliament. On all questions of importance he embraced the popular side with more ardour than his rivals in opposition, and he was rewarded by increasing esteem on the part of the nation, and by increasing and not well-concealed rancour on the part of the Rockinghams.

In reviewing Shelburne's life, we cannot resist the conviction that he was one of those whose powers are better developed in opposition than in office. Such men always remind us of Sir William Petty's famous double-bottomed ship, and of the locomotive engine invented by the ingenious Earl Stanhope. The double-bottomed ship made head famously against wind and tide; but it sailed badly with wind and tide in its favour. Lord Stanhope's traction engine rapidly ascended a steep incline; but its pace slackened when on the level, and it would hardly go downhill at all. With the sole exception of Chatham, it was so with every independent statesman during the century of the Whig ascendancy. An example of this, as remarkable as Shelburne himself, is afforded by a name which is closely connected with his own. Shelburne appears only to have seen Carteret once, when he was quite a lad, but the interview made a singular impression upon him. A year before he accepted office under Chatham, he had married Carteret's youngest daughter. Lady Sophia Carteret was then a girl of twenty, attractive, though not beautiful, and Shelburne was deeply attached to her during their short married life. Her death, indeed, in a certain sense, marks a turning-point in his career, for it led to his long visit to France, to his intimacy with Priestley and Morellet,

and to his serious adoption of the views of the new school of political economists which was rising up in France. The parallel of Carteret's career, after his resignation of the Lieutenantcy of Ireland, with that of Shelburne after his resignation of the seals of the Foreign Department, is remarkable. Like Shelburne, Carteret led year after year a vigorous and watchful opposition to his old political ally. Like Shelburne, personal jealousies deprived him of the fruits of his labours. As Pelham and his adherents feared Carteret, and excluded him from their cabinet, so did the younger Pitt and his adherents fear Shelburne, and exclude him from their cabinet; and though in both cases the victory was mainly won by the independent statesman, in neither case was the independent statesman able to vindicate his claim to share its fruits. Both statesmen were freely charged with subservience to the royal wishes; but here the justice of the parallel ceases. George II. cannot have greatly regretted the fall of Walpole; George III. bitterly felt the personal humiliation involved in that of North.

The death of Lady Shelburne in 1771 was the immediate occasion of Shelburne's visit to France and Italy in company with Barré. This visit Shelburne himself marked as an epoch in his life, for it led to his acquaintance with Turgot, Morellet, and many others of the French school of philosophers. Shelburne's views, both political and religious, had hitherto been very much of his own choosing; and he must have been surprised and gratified at finding how nearly they approached to those who had the reputation of being the most enlightened thinkers in Europe. Shelburne's opinions and those of the French philosophers were indeed of a common English stock; but in both cases the end of the century gave them a new and more decided form. Both in commercial and religious policy Shelburne now found himself diverging more and more from the old Whigs. There were, indeed, those

among them who knew the emptiness of Protection; but to have acted upon such a conviction would have broken up the foundations in the country on which the Whig party rested. And the Whigs were especially conservative in all matters relating to the Church. Shelburne had by this time become warmly attached to two celebrated heterodox ministers, Dr. Priestley and Dr. Price, the former of whom resided permanently with him as librarian and tutor to his boys. On his return from France, Shelburne warmly supported the famous Feathers Tavern petition, which had the twofold object of relieving the Latitudinarian clergy, and the general body of the laity who sought university degrees, from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles. The Rockingham Whigs, with the sole exception of Savile, opposed the Bill, and it was rejected by a large majority. Shelburne had early settled his own religious opinions on a plain deistic basis, and in this he never once seems to have faltered. "I consider man," he writes, "as placed in the midst of a beautiful garden, containing fruits, flowers, plants, animals—in short, everything the most lively imagination can desire, surrounded with great and inaccessible mountains. The wise part of mankind are content to remain in the garden, and quietly see that the door beyond is shut; the foolish part are continually struggling against nature, and trying to ascend. No man can observe the wonderful order which prevails through the world, but must be convinced that there was a First Cause. No man can reflect upon all he sees without feeling that it is not intended, in this life at least, that he should know more." For Shelburne, the duties of man might be summed up in the weighty words of the Hebrew prophet: "What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Both in commercial and in religious policy Shelburne henceforth leaned strongly to the modern French school. It was the political economists whose

society he chiefly sought. He discovered the greatness of Turgot: he saw that Turgot's policy was the only thing which could save France: and he foresaw that a similar policy would one day be necessary to England. When Condorcet brought out his *Life of Turgot*, Shelburne had it translated into English. He seems to have seen but little personally of Turgot; he saw more of Morellet. He had not long returned to England when Morellet paid him a six months' visit, of which Lord Edmond has extracted an interesting account from the Abbé's *Memoirs*. Shelburne took him to see the chief manufactures of England: and he introduced him to many men of eminence. Few things are more striking than the occasional glimpses of the intellectual society assembled at Wycombe and Bowood which these volumes afford. Shelburne early sought contact with all forms of intellectual ability. Among his frequent visitors were Garrick, Johnson, and Franklin. Bentham, whom he early sought out, was a constant inmate of Bowood, and it was to him that Bentham owed that connection with Dumont without which his genius could never have had its due effect in the world of European thought. Among the visitors of later years were Mirabeau, Romilly, and Gibbon.

The death of Chatham left Shelburne the acknowledged head of his party, which was thenceforth known by the name of the Shelburne Party. The younger Pitt joined this party in 1780. He came on the stage at a fitting time. Few conjunctures have ever been better adapted to stimulate the aspirations of a youthful statesman. It might reasonably be supposed that the name, the abilities, and the noted acquirements of Pitt, supported by the ardent temperament which he inherited from his father, would win him in time a respectable position in his party. Little, however, was it supposed that this prim young gentleman, fresh from college, would in four years' time form a ministry of his own, in which the veteran politician, to whom he owed his intro-

duction to the world, should vainly seek a place!

The events which followed in quick succession after the fall of the North ministry in 1782 are too well known to need more than a bare recapitulation. The Rockingham and Shelburne parties, still mutually repelled by an incurable hostility, though apparently united for the general good of the nation, joined to form a ministry. Rockingham was Premier; his party filled the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the headships of the chief departments. Charles Fox, with the seals of Secretary, bore the chief weight of the administration. Shelburne took the Foreign Office, and his friends occupied only subordinate positions. The lion's share thus fell to the Rockinghams. For three months the new ministry attacked its work vigorously. Negotiations for peace were commenced, important official reforms were effected, and more extensive improvements were planned. Everything promised well for the future, but the whole fabric fell to the ground by the sudden removal of the keystone. Lord Rockingham died, and the King, delighted at the opportunity of mortifying the Whigs, instead of sending for the Duke of Portland, sent for Lord Shelburne. The Rockingham party refused to serve except under a premier of their own section, and most of them resigned at once. Shelburne replaced Lord John Cavendish by William Pitt. He made peace with America and with the European allies of the Colonists. This peace secured to the States of America the rich inheritance of the West, of which their French and Spanish allies were willing to see them deprived. France, if possible, would have confined the States to the boundary of the Ohio, and taken the Mississippi for herself. Lord Shelburne's negotiations thus mark an important turning-point in American history.¹

¹ On this subject Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has received an interesting communication from Mr. John Jay, the well-known American diplomatist, remarking that the credit which

The Rockingham Whigs could not tamely see the chief fruit of their victory over Lord North wrested from them. They effected a coalition with Lord North, and against so formidable a combination Shelburne of course found himself unable to make head. In December, 1783, he resigned, and never afterwards held office. Whatever may be the estimate placed on Shelburne's claims to succeed Rockingham in the premiership, there can be but one opinion on the character of the coalition which displaced him. Morally viewed, it was gross and flagrant, and in the nature of things it could last but a short time. It disgusted both the King and the country, and Fox's rash attempt to defy both King and country in his East India Bill provoked the King into putting an end to this shameless and unconstitutional alliance. The best thing that can be said of the coalition is that it was the last of its kind. It belongs to a former period of history. Those who perpetrated it have found no imitators, and perhaps never will. Things were, in fact, so bad, that from this time they mended; and the political regeneration of England commenced with the younger Pitt, to whom the King intrusted the formation of a ministry. Popular expectation was fixed upon Shelburne, and it was natural to suppose that he would have a principal share in the new government. This expectation was disappointed, and none was more surprised at his exclusion from Pitt's administration than Shelburne himself.

We never could understand how Pitt's exclusion of Shelburne from his administration came to be deemed an he gives to Jay and Adams for the success of the negotiations entirely agrees with some memoranda on the subject made by Lord St. Helen's, who, as Mr. Fitzherbert, treated on England's behalf with the European powers. Mr. Jay refers also to a letter from Mr. Pickering, Washington's Secretary of State, printed in the American State Papers, Class 1, Foreign Relations, vol. i. pp. 569-572, which leads to the conclusion that it was the deliberate intention of France to deprive the States of the Mississippi, and all to the west of it.

inexplicable puzzle. It was at first a surprise; but it was a surprise that was correctly interpreted as soon as it was known. Pitt had before him a perilous and difficult task; and he had a better chance of executing that task without Shelburne than with him. He had to face the strongest and bitterest opposition that ever confronted a minister, and its chief cementing principle was hatred to the independent statesman it had hurled from his place. To have set him up again, when there was a chance of doing without him, would have been a provocation which Pitt durst not give. To omit him was simply a prudent sacrifice to the prejudices of the enemy. This sacrifice had the intended effect. Pitt was at first tolerated; from toleration he passed to power; and to a power such as even his father had never wielded. In a year or two the prudence of his resolve was demonstrated. The people scarcely resented Shelburne's exclusion, and he was soon forgotten in the strong popular approval which the new ministry won. Besides this, there is no doubt that both Pitt and the King had been overborne by Shelburne when he was in office. They were still afraid of him, and it occurred to them to conciliate him by advancing him a step in the peerage. Pitt, by the King's command, offered him a marquise. The King, he said, had resolved to reserve the ducal title for members of the royal family. Shelburne accepted, stipulating that if ever the King should change his mind on this point, he should be made a duke. He never believed that Pitt would be able to go on: he called him an "egregious dupe," and he retired to Bowood. The French Revolution, in which Shelburne took a deep interest, drew him from his retirement: he steadily opposed the war against France: he never ceased to protest, in his own memorable words,

against England being made the "cat's-paw of Europe:" and once, in 1795, it seemed not unlikely that he would be called upon to join Fox in forming a ministry which should replace that of Pitt. Shelburne had learned to admire and respect France. His enthusiasm for the Revolution may be estimated by the fact that he collected every book and paper published on the subject on both sides of the water. This valuable collection was unhappily dispersed at his death. He wrote eagerly to Morellet to form a plan for his visiting Paris *incognito*, to see with his own eyes the great political changes which had taken place: but his health was rapidly failing, and the plan was never executed. The declaration of war in 1803, and the restoration of Pitt in 1804, roused him to some last exertions in public affairs; and in the following year he died. We know but little of his last years, except that he continued to believe in the ultimate triumph of liberty and of free trade, and did what he could to disabuse English public opinion of its prejudice against modern French ideas. As a politician, Shelburne cannot be reckoned among those who have produced a powerful impression on their age. His activity was not to be concentrated in a single channel; and he stood aloof from the political organisations of his time. He was mainly a breaker-up of parties, and a devoted adherent of two or three abstract principles. He left, nevertheless, a career which the politician may study with advantage, though not without the consciousness that he will imitate it at his peril. For the historian, his career has a wider significance: it exhibits one of the best extant examples of a rare type, the really independent statesman, who neither fears the crown nor flatters the nation.

E. J. PAYNE.

LA GRANDE DAME DE L'ANCIEN RÉGIME.

PART II.

THE unbounded influence — even arbitrary power — which the heads of a family possessed over it, and which they had inherited from those who preceded them, had been annihilated at the Revolution of '93, not to be restored by the Restoration. The days were for ever past when parents could condemn their younger sons to the priesthood, or the celibate orders, and their daughters to the convent, to enrich the elder son, or give one daughter a dowry sufficient for forming a brilliant marriage. Even in the years preceding '89, a great revulsion of opinion against these abuses had taken place. I find in an unpublished memoir, dated 1830, this true remark:—"Cet usage avait déjà été vivement attaqué dans le siècle dernier, mais, comme il arrive souvent, l'abus avait cessé quand la plainte a commencé. Sans doute on a encore vu des religieuses malgré elles sacrifiées aux intérêts de leurs familles, mais ces exemples devenaient de plus en plus rares; ils étaient à peu près finis quand la philosophie a commencé à les proscrire." No longer could the young and beautiful heiress of the Beauvaus, as in 1770, be married at seventeen to a boy of fifteen, so small, that he had to be placed on a high chair at the wedding dinner that he might be on a level with his bride, the fathers exchanging a command in the king's guard, then saleable, for a large sum from the young bride's fortune. Never do I remember hearing of these forced marriages in the society we lived in. The new laws as to division of property made them comparatively unnecessary to family interests. The sound sense of the higher classes caused them to take home to themselves the truth, that no return of their legitimate princes could bring back to France the

abuses it had cost such torrents of blood to wash away.

Having lived much in France, I have seen the way in which marriages are conducted there. Very false impressions on the subject prevail amongst us. It is true, marriages are proposed and arranged by the parents, but only up to the point of suitability of fortune and position and the consent of both families being ascertained. All this agreed on (and these preliminaries are never begun without the concurrence of the man) the young lady—who is, or is supposed to be, ignorant of the project—is then consulted, the young people meet, if they are not already acquainted, and if they do not suit each other, the thing goes off. I have known many instances of this.

After the Reign of Terror, and in the early years of this century, when the convents were re-opened, there were many of the noble families who stayed away from France purposely to avoid the recognition of the empire. Their daughters were naturally educated in foreign lands, brought with them the germ of that freedom of thought and opinion which soon worked its change on the rising generation of the old Faubourg. Those however who, with true French dislike of other countries, and rooted attachment to Paris, returned as soon as life and liberty were safe, hastened to place their daughters in one of the two convents expressly adopted by the *noblesse*. These were the "Sacré Cœur," whose abbess was a sister of the late Duc de Gramont, and "Les Dames Anglaises," where were to be found many daughters of our own and Irish Roman Catholic families who, owing to the oppressive disabilities imposed on their Church in those days, could not give their children a liberal education in their own faith, and therefore sent their

girls here, while the sons went to Douay and St. Omer. A relation of ours, an Irish girl of a noble family, was sent in 1814 to the "Dames Anglaises," where she found herself the companion of the Mortemarts, Rohans, Montmorencys, and many of the greatest names in France. From her I have heard the following details.

So much prestige was attached to these two aristocratic establishments, that the great Napoleon, on his accession to the throne, saw in them the best chance of effecting in the rising generation the fusion between his new *noblesse* and the old one, which he found it so impossible to effect in the existing aristocracy. Although he succeeded in forcing some of them to accept posts at court, he could never produce anything but the most icy exchange of necessary civilities between the two parties. He then ordered several of his marshals to send their daughters to these convents. The Abbess of the "Sacré Cœur" refused to introduce the young *roturières* among the noble blue blood confided to her care. The emperor insisted, and as he had forced the mothers to form part of Marie Louise's household, so his will prevailed in respect to their daughters. A few girls of the newly-created dukes and marshals were admitted, but never really formed part of the society of the haughty little girls who clung together with all their mothers' obstinacy against any *real* intimacy with the intruders. Amongst these were, as my cousin used to relate, Aurore Dupuis, known afterwards as Mme. Dudevant and Georges Sand, a rough tomboy, placed there by some powerful influence, to be tamed. Without education, or apparent intelligence, she was placed at fourteen with the class of little girls scarcely able to read. Another was the lovely Fanny Sebastien, daughter of the marshal of that name, who became afterwards the unfortunate Duchesse de Praslin. In some few instances, the custom was still carried out of arranging the girls' marriages at these convents. I remember my cousin

telling us that when she first went there, one of her schoolfellows, not quite sixteen, Mdle. d'A——n, was married at the convent, sent a drive in an open carriage all over Paris with her husband to show themselves, and then brought back to the convent to take off her wedding dress and re-assume the uniform of the pupils. The bridegroom went back to some embassy, where he was attached, and, happening to die there, she remained at the "Sacré Cœur" in her widow's weeds until a second marriage was arranged. This was an exceptional return to the fashions of the last century. In general the young ladies left at about sixteen, but they often returned of their own free will, on any grief or misfortune entailing a period of retirement,—and had generally a strong affection for the good nuns. My cousin resided with us after leaving the convent, and I remember when quite a child being taken by her to visit her old friends, and their life, from what I saw of it, was certainly anything but the gloomy ascetic one we English imagine, although its recreations and pleasures were simple, almost childish. The absence of all distraction from the outer world during the years of education had the advantage of forming habits of occupation of a more solid character than is general with us. The prevalent English notion that even if no more serious blame attaches to a Frenchwoman, she still lives only for dress and amusement, is most unjust and untrue. To begin with, as there is no dancing in Lent or Advent, they have only six weeks of carnival, a few balls perhaps in November, and garden parties in spring. The Paris world in those days always broke up in May, and they then went to the country for five or six months to economize and live on the fat of the land, left their smart gowns in Paris, dressed in washing gowns, and if they had guests (which was usually the case) they were members of the family or intimates for whom no expense of dress

or mode of life was required. This and the absence of morning visiting, that "thief of time," not in use with them, gave a woman's mind much more chance of culture, and if compared with the eight months' whirl of a London season, with the shooting parties, Cowes, Scotland, races, and constant dissipation of a fashionable lady's life, will leave small ground for the charge of a frivolous life against our neighbours.

Things are doubtless much changed since then, and in expense, lateness of hours, and ceaseless round of amusement, the Paris of to-day is beginning to vie with London; but it was not so formerly, nor is it so with a majority of their good society even now.

Their country houses were then in the rough, although magnificent. I remember when very young being taken to one of these ancestral mansions.¹ The drawing-room treasures of Laque, Buhl, Sèvres, had been hidden and saved by faithful servants during the Revolution. The walls and ceilings were of exquisite whitened Louis Quatorze carving, but the doors were opened by large iron keys, door handles being unknown. The floors of bedrooms and passages (except the state ones) were of brick—no carpets; the baths, wooden tubs taken from the laundry. The furniture, which had been confiscated in '93, was even in the best rooms replaced by common chairs, covered with white cotton, bound with red. But they were delighted with the cotton covers imported from England, notwithstanding the hostess's aversion for *La perfide Albion*. I heard her say to my mother, "Voyez-vous? en fait d'Anglais je n'aime que vous et les *Godfrey's salts*"—just imported as a novelty.

I returned to this same house in '65, and can truly say that having seen most of our great ancestral homes, some even while doing their best for a royal visit, this one equalled them, if not in size, at least in the union of splendour and comfort, in the *recherche* of its living and equipages, while it surpassed them in the originality and

taste of proceedings. One detail struck me as *unique*. Each guest's room, all furnished in silk, had a *garniture de cheminée*, a writing-table and a little tea and coffee service on the side-table of splendid old Sèvres china, matching in colour with the hangings of the room. Each set would have made the pride of a London drawing-room.

Time has wrought much change in the home of my early youth. Those who only know the new Paris will scarcely believe that at the top of the Grande Rue de Passy, then out of the town, stood a dilapidated *château*, built by Louis Quinze on purpose that the royal children might sleep in fresh air and drink country milk. It commanded a magnificent view over the hills of Meudon, St. Germain, and the Seine, to which it sloped down through a pretty wooded park. The proprietors let a part of it, and there we passed several summers, leading as rural a life as if twenty miles off. It is now a quarter of the town.

It was a bright cheerful place the Paris of those days. I know not whether it was the glamour of youth, but it seems now dark and dull in comparison. The houses seem to have risen up and obscured that bright blue sky unconscious of coal smoke. I miss those gardens to almost every considerable house, their mossy walls, and the corners of the street where, often perched on the wall, stood a little summer-house, shaded by the acacia and lilacs, which showered their blossoms on the passers-by. I miss the *porteur d'eau*, who, in default of the water-pipes that now undermine the few remaining trees, toiled up with his barrel of water. I miss the nurse's *Cauchois* high cap, the little procession with its tinkling bell, the kneeling passers-by, and the followers whom piety led to turn and escort it to the door of the sick man; I miss even the horns practising *La Chasse du jeune Henri*, and that is saying everything, for the people themselves could not stand the nuisance, and it was forbidden by the police. I miss the deep shades of the

¹ The Château de Mouchy.

Parc Monceau of my youth, now the fashionable quarter under the Haussman dispensation. There was a simplicity in it all, a repose in the life, with its day undisturbed, and its cheerful evening in the family *salon*. There was one drawback—the evening visits, which were with them a duty equivalent to our morning rounds, as no young woman goes into society during the first years of her marriage without being chaperoned by her mother or mother-in-law, and accompanied by her husband. Imagine a young Englishman in his honeymoon letting himself be packed up with his wife and mother-in-law to make a round of visits, and be presented to his bride's family, say a few stereotyped phrases, and then start off after a few minutes to do the same thing at another house.

There is something very touching in the respectful affection and care with which old age was (and is still) treated in France. Not only the parents', but the grandmother's *salon* is the point of reunion of the whole family, vying with each other who should best please and amuse the old lady. They never failed, whatever their evening occupation or amusement, to come in first and delight *Bonne Maman* and *Ma Tante* by their pretty toilettes, and be rewarded by the somewhat exaggerated admiration they elicited. But the old lady really thought her granddaughters marvels of beauty and grace. A very marked feature of French old age is its *bienveillance* to the young, an impossible word to translate, for it is neither good nature, kindness, nor indulgence—rather an habitual state of the mind disposed to admire and approve. This tone of feeling is but natural for children to their parents; and the young to the old are almost universally dutiful and affectionate. Well do I remember how pretty I used to think the slight inclination and kiss of the hand held out to them, which prefaced the morning embrace to *Bonne Maman*. Our own royal family is the only one in

England where I have seen this graceful custom prevail. If young women and girls knew how much charm and *coquetterie* there is in this manner to their elders; how much younger they seem, how their grace and softness gains by contrast with old age, they would not in their own interests indulge in the *Get-out-of-the-way*, *old-Dan-Tucker* style which obtains so much in our society at present. Even the young men were full of little attentions to their aged relatives. They really loved them almost as parents. When the Prince Consort's Life first appeared we all wondered at the deep grief he expressed for the death of his grandmother, a relationship scarcely taken so seriously with us. *Adorable et adorée* was the phrase used to me only a few months ago by a young Frenchman of the most modern set about the venerable mother of his parents. It must be said that the grandchildren were often brought up in her house, and that she, being much younger than the same relative in England, became almost a friend and confidant to these young men, who found in her that experience in the past and sympathy in the present which made her society as charming to them as it was to those of her own age. Not having in those days the resource of clubs, the young men came in with the news of the day to pass the time till the hour for the balls, thus bringing into these *salons* an infusion of youth which obviated dullness.

The mothers of these young men and women, after their daughters were married, gave up going out, and subsided into doing the honours of their mother's house. They were generally women under forty, who, with us, may still be seen in every ballroom as *fast matrons*. They had married at seventeen or eighteen, danced two or three years under the strict *chaperonage* of their own or their husband's mother, after which they were emancipated, and until their daughters were brought out and married, went into the world on their own account.

When accompanying their daughters into society they dressed soberly, avoiding pink or flowers, although as a rule still handsome women of thirty-eight or forty. After her daughter's marriage, the mother would only go to court, or to some great *fête*, such as those at the embassies, and then mostly as *chaperon* to the young women. A woman with married children going into the world on any other footing would simply have made herself ridiculous. Indeed it was the same still when I knew Paris many years later. The result of this state of things was that these ladies were only to be seen in their mothers' or their own *salons*, to which they drew a brilliant circle, for many of them were the most attractive women of the day. There, in an atmosphere of repose and cheerfulness, passed their middle age; in loving tendance on the old lady, whose mirthful sallies and original anecdotes were the life and soul of the home; while her small, white, shrivelled fingers worked with fairy-like rapidity; and she extended to all that ineffable *bonté* (another untranslatable word), the crown of old age, and in general the characteristic of the Frenchwoman of former days.

Justly proud as we are of the manliness of our men, the virtue of our women, the sacredness of our domestic hearths, the stability of our institutions, the dignity of our public life, might we not endeavour, more than we do, to put ourselves in the place of a nation not so highly favoured, and judge less harshly, less sarcastically of the difference between us? We look with contempt on their restless politics, their senseless mobs, the want of calmness and dignity in their assemblies, nay, even on their national character! We who do not know the bitterness of foreign invasion, the crushing, goading effect of desecrated homes, of outraged patriotic pride, we can scarcely realise what they must feel who have seen twice in a lifetime

" Dans Lutèce flétrie
Les étrangers marcher avec orgueil."

Who that knows (and who does not?) Béranger's touching *T'en souviens tu*; does not feel that its concluding verse—

" Grave en ton cœur ce jour pour le maudire;
Et quand Bellone enfin aura pari,
Que chef jamais n'ait besoin de te dire,
Dis moi, Soldat, dis moi t'en souviens-tu! "

embodies the longing for a day of vengeance which is the underlying thought of every Frenchman, though he often resorts to bluster to disguise his sense of humiliation? Always in uncertainty of "perils from his countrymen," of perils from abroad, what chance has he of maintaining that calm good sense, that absence of excitement, that unconscious dignity in all public affairs, which a sense of national security alone can give, and for which the English, as a nation, are conspicuous? The absence of these qualities is at once a cause and an effect of their constant national turmoil, and to me this seems the key to much in their character. I have remarked that the women, who are not subjected to the same disturbing influences, have not the same faults as the men; and in former days a Frenchman was noted for the impassibility with which he encountered successes or reverses, whether in love, war, or fortune.

We do not understand them—we do not *wish* to do so. Did not our lower classes, and even a portion of our press—at least until the late war made a change in this respect—speak of Frenchmen as unmanly frivolous beings, whose morals were universally profligate, whose religion was a mummery, whose staple article of food was frogs, whose language was a jargon, whose politeness was a grimace? Do we even yet do them complete justice? In our judgment of other nations, should we not consider how little, through the difference of our habits and ideas, we can understand theirs, and trace the inner history of their lives? Their ways are not our ways. In some relations of domestic life we pronounce them wanting, because

custom forbids them to express those feelings, while in others our reticence deems their outward manifestations exaggerated. Take, for instance, a Frenchman's devotion to his mother. I once heard a young Englishman (whom I believe to have been in his heart as much attached to his own) ridicule his French friend for having suddenly gone off to Paris "in one of those fusses Frenchmen keep up about their mothers." A man may be awkward in the hunting-field or at the cover, yet behave with brilliant courage in a boar hunt (far more dangerous than any of our sports); chase a *chamois* on heights which would do credit to a member of the Alpine Club, or hunt a wolf in the Ardennes—a quarry, by the way, which once proved a very awkward customer to a pack of English foxhounds. Their domestic happiness, so little believed in by us, takes, it is true, a different form from ours, because families often of necessity live together; but it is none the less *real*, and perhaps more likely to endure, as the daily contact with a family circle tends to prevent that *sans gêne* of manners and overbearingness of the husband, too frequent in our homes. A cheerful, good-humoured race by nature, temper, that plague-spot in families, is almost unknown among them. There was, in most of those I knew, the strongest affection between brothers and sisters, and more kindness to even distant relatives than is usual with us, where a man, separating by marriage from his paternal home, concentrates his affections on his wife and children. Should we not take all these things into account? balance the good with the evil of their character, and temper our conscious superiority with a doubt whether we might not in some respects take example from them?

The French are beginning to complain as we do that *society* in the true sense of the word is at an end. Political life, sport, the clubs and the excessive dissipation of Paris life have broken it up. But at the time

I speak of it was at its zenith, and all French writers of *Mémoires* agree that the period between the years 1820 and 1830 was one of the most brilliant in the annals of the *Grand Monde*.

The Duc de Berri and his young wife, during their short union, resided at the Elysée, which was then, I have often been told, one of the pleasantest houses in Paris. Devoted to each other, and both fond of amusement, they delighted in giving *fêtes*, where superfluous etiquette was banished, and artists, men of letters, and foreigners were welcomed by the duke himself, a man of considerable culture and love of the arts. They took even greater delight in going off à la Darby and Joan to her favourite Gymnase to see Leontine Fay, the actress then in vogue, returning to a *petit souper*, where a Sicilian *Gigot à l'ail* was a not unfrequent dish. Although my recollection of the Duchesse does not go back so far as those days, there was something very winning about her when I saw her years after at the children's balls, which, after a period of retirement, she gave at the Tuileries, nominally for her eight-years-old daughter, but really that she might herself enjoy a dance with her young Orleans cousins, as only young foreign women enjoy the animal pleasure of dancing. The complexion of lilies and roses, the fair long hair whose tresses she had cut off and thrown into her husband's coffin—"Ces cheveux que mon Charles aimait tant"—her tiny feet and hands and fairy figure—all these charms were better than positive beauty. Her colouring and hair she transmitted to her daughter, the Grand-Duchess of Parma, whom we have seen in England. The Duc de Bordeaux was a beautiful boy, with a serious, determined face, and was said to have much character. A story is told that when of an age to begin his education, he steadily refused to learn to read, although quite willing to submit to a system of oral instruction. At last the Duchess, having

been called in, inquired the reason of this objection to the usual method of learning; he pointed to the under-precentor to whom he had taken a dislike, and said, "*Je ne veux pas apprendre à lire; parcequ'il lit toujours, et il devient tous les jours plus bête et plus ennuyeux.*"

At that epoch I can only recall the juvenile seasons. Numerous entertainments were given at the Tuileries and the Palais Royal for the young princes, who were of all ages under seventeen; and besides these the Apponyis, the English Embassy, and other privileged houses where there were children, gave *fêtes* varying in character from lotteries, conjurers, and theatricals, acted by Leontine Fay—then twelve years old, who brought all Paris to the Gymnase, and became in time the best actress of the day—to children's daylight balls and *bals de jeunes personnes*. All these *fêtes* culminated in the procession of the *Bœuf Gras* on Shrove Tuesday, when the prize ox, mounted by a shivering Cupid and escorted by savages of both sexes, paid his visit to the Tuileries, to be inspected by the King and young princes; then to the Palais Royal and Public Offices, ending, in accordance with some old privilege, at the Hôtel Beauvau, where a youthful assembly awaited him, and where the poor Cupid was dismounted, warmed, and fed.

If the juvenile Carnival was so brilliant, what was that of the elders? They may have had less excitement than we have during the rest of the year, but they made up for it then. How they danced! not pushing about languidly in a quadrille the size of a five-shilling piece, but *steps* in a clear space, surrounded by admiring but critical spectators. The society entitled to go to Court was not so large then, but *all* received invitations to every *fête*, of which it gave many, winding up with the ball on *Mardi Gras*, which lasted till twelve o'clock, when all passed into the chapel for Ash-Wednesday service. There were also the great *fêtes* at the Palais Royal and the Embassies. The close connection of

Austria with both the Napoleon and Bourbon dynasties made it *une ambassade de famille*, to whose balls the royal family went as well as to those at the English Embassy. (Prussia, Sicily, and Russia at that time had only Ministries.) The noblesse gave little *sauvetés* to the piano, where all the men *à marier* came to take a look at the future partners of their lives, but they probably kept aloof from any small coteries where the Marshals of the Empire were received. A quarrel finally arose in 1827, when the Austrian Embassy determined to refuse acknowledging titles taken from Austrian provinces, and the Duc de Dalmatie was announced as *Maréchal Soult*, the Duc d'Istrie as *Maréchal Bessières*, &c. The Faubourg St. Germain followed the example, and the severity of its rules against the new noblesse and against any intimacy with the Palais Royal may be inferred from a passage in the *Mémoires de Madame d'Angoulême*, who writes, we may observe in passing, in no friendly spirit towards that good society from which her own conduct caused her exclusion. She says she was obliged to ask permission of her mother-in-law, *dame d'honneur* to the Dauphine, before accepting an invitation to the Palais Royal; and it was granted in these terms:—*Ce sont nos Princes, vous ne pouvez refuser, mais—* a phrase follows which shows how hostile a feeling existed between the two camps. The amusements of the Carnival were thus much restricted for the young generation of the Faubourg. The parents gave in so far as to go to the very mixed balls of *ces petites dames*—as they called a society then holding a position between the two camps, and formed chiefly of daughters of some distant branches of the great families who had married bankers, noblesse de province, great speculators in the mercantile world, *fournisseurs*, &c. They were mostly pretty brilliant young women, who clung together, had good houses, spent plenty of money, and amused themselves.

The claim of cousinship, to which there is no limit in French families, afforded an excuse for the presence of the heads of the clan at these *fêtes*, conferring an honour which was returned by formal visits on such occasions as a marriage, a death, the *jour de l'an*, or the name-day. Then the old lady would receive her guests kindly, call them *ma petite*, and *mon enfant*, although she probably hardly knew one from another, and there it ended till the next year came round. They thawed also to *la perfide Albion*, in the persons of Sir Charles and Lady Elizabeth Stuart, the latter a complete type of their own *Grandes Dames* in their easy sociability. I have often heard the English Embassy of that day quoted as one of the most agreeable houses in Paris; all parties met and fraternised under the genial influence of its charming hostess. She organized *fêtes* unique for their taste and magnificence; amongst others, in 1823, a series of *tableaux vivants*, a novelty imported from Vienna, in which the most beautiful members of both French and English society took part. The beautiful Miss Rumbold, afterwards Madame Delmar, represented the St. Cecilia of Raphael, and Lady Adelaide Forbes the Titian in the Louvre anointing its hair, which almost seemed to have stepped out of its frame to look at the Paris world. The painters Gerard and Sir Thomas Lawrence assisted in arranging this novel amusement.

After the Carnival there were few amusements. Good society did not frequent the theatres in Lent; there were a few concerts, and *salons* resumed their sway. But they were gradually losing their original character, as each year witnessed the extinction of some of those remaining from the old days. *Tenir salon*—by which was meant the lady of the house leading the conversation and keeping the whole company engaged, to the exclusion of whisperings, and of the *duets* which modern society is prone to fall into—was an art gone or fast going by. The last left of the old style were in the reign of

Louis Dixhuit; the chief being those of the Duchesse de Duras, Madame de Gontaut, Madame de Montcalm, the Duc de Richelieu's sister, who received his political friends; the Duchesse de Broglie, the Princesse de la Tremouille, the beautiful Madame Récamier, where Chateaubriand and his worshippers assembled, and that of the Comtesse de Custine, whose husband was an author, and who patronised rising genius. All these were political or literary *salons* with much influence. The Princesse de Poix at the Hôtel Beauvau, the hostesses of the Hôtel Malignon, Hôtel d'Osmond, and a few more, still preserved the old traditions, but they were fast dying away. Their successors received, but had not *salons*. The Duchesse d'Angoulême received at the Tuileries every Saturday, and her reunions were said to be pleasant. The Palais Royal had evenings open to celebrities and artists, as well as to the best of the *grand monde*. A few foreigners also entertained, amongst others, Mme. Graham, a Sicilian, married to a Scotchman, at whose small, but very agreeable house diplomats of all countries met and conferred without restraint, and Mme. Crauford, an American, I believe, whose daughter had married the Comte d'Orsay, and was mother to the beautiful Ida, who married the Duc de Gramont, and to Alfred d'Orsay, so well known in England. Her *salon* was especially popular with the young world.

Society must have been more brilliant during those ten years than it is now, either in London or Paris, if we may judge from the visitors to our house. Amongst them I remember Prince Talleyrand, with his lovely niece, the Duchesse de Dino, and her perhaps still more beautiful sister, the sovereign-Duchesse de Sagan; Chateaubriand; Old Denon, the Egyptian traveller; M. de St. Aulaire, afterwards ambassador in London, and with a literary reputation even then; M. de Barante, also an esteemed author; Pozzo di Borgo; Lamartine,

whose English wife brought him into British society; Mme. de Broglie, daughter of Mme. de Staël; the Duc de Noailles, then beginning to make for himself the distinguished position he has since held in politics and literature; Victor Hugo, then a very young man, known only by his poems and *Notre Dame de Paris* (he is of noble birth, son of a Comte Hugo); Mme. de Girardin (not the authoress, who belonged to the literary circles), whose charm and wit made her almost equally celebrated; Mesdames de Brignole and Durazzo, the latter particularly with a European reputation for beauty and attraction; the well-known Duc d'Alberg, his wife, and only child, Marie, one of our playfellows, who afterwards became Lady Acton and Countess of Granville. These—"*J'en passe et des meilleurs*"¹—met on neutral ground at our house, although some held no other intercourse. There they also found our English poets Rogers and Moore; Canning, with his lovely daughter, afterwards Lady Clanricarde; Lord Francis Leveson, and other English people of distinction, who used to come to Paris before the railroad brought down the mob upon them. Of this society I cannot speak, as I was only a child at the time; but I believe it combined the very best of English and French.

In the beginning of 1830, after a short absence in Italy, we returned to Paris, when for the first time I entered society. The carnival was unusually brilliant. My young friends, the Orleans Princes and their sisters, like myself, were emancipated from the school-room, and danced at the great balls given in their honour. The Duchesse de Berri gave them number-

less fêtes. All was as brilliant as a fairy scene. In spite of the darkness lowering over the political horizon, how little did we dream that all this gaiety was but the expiring flicker of the Bourbon dynasty, and that when I bid farewell, on May 30th, to the home of my youth, I was never again to see it as it was in those happy young days! Still let me acknowledge that whatever changes have occurred, I have found none in the kindness and constant affection of the many friends of my youth yet left me in France—affection which I shall prize and reciprocate to the end of my life.

In conclusion, let me again repeat that what I have said only refers to Paris and the French as they were many years ago. Of the actual state of either at this moment I know nothing but by hearsay.

These reminiscences of my early years have been developed by the light of reason and experience from the tenacious memory of childhood, as we see the photographic lens develop unsuspected objects in dark corners. It was long before I thought of applying my hoard of recollections to the object for which this sketch has been written. If, in attempting to carry it out, I may have seemed to exalt the foreigner above my own countrymen, I would anxiously disclaim the bare suspicion of such an intention. If, in speaking of those amongst whom my youth was passed, I have been somewhat blinded by friendship and gratitude, let it be so. The evil there was amongst them, alas! speaks for itself; there are enough eager to note it.

Most of those I have spoken of are gone to their rest—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

AUGUSTA S. CADOGAN.

¹ *Le Cid*, Corneille. !

THE WAR CAMPAIGN AND THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.¹

WHEN, in the early summer of last year, it became known that the *Daily News* had again succeeded in securing the services of Mr. Archibald Forbes as war correspondent, the public, remembering many graphic descriptions of Franco-German fight, and many instances of personal daring, looked forward to receiving at his hands the fullest measure of epistolary justice, for Mr. Forbes had already placed his war correspondence upon a height which was not likely to be challenged by other competitors—one even difficult for him to sustain in his future efforts.

Where success is dependent as much upon physical qualities as upon mental ones, and where the limit of daring and bodily effort has been already attained, it is no easy matter even to maintain a reputation which has been won by a lavish expenditure of physical and mental energy. It is not too much to say, however, that Mr. Forbes has succeeded in eclipsing in Roumania and Bulgaria all his previous successes in Alsace and Lorraine, and has placed the whole fabric of war correspondence upon even a higher pedestal than had yet been given to it.

Almost all readers of to-day can recollect the beginning of war correspondence as a branch of journalism. When the newspaper came down to the million, or the million got educated up to the newspaper, a demand arose for a new class of writer—the special correspondent. A railway accident, a mining catastrophe, a royal visit, or a trial of strength between famous horses or boats' crews, all called for the services of the special correspondent—the ready writer, who came and saw and telegraphed, ere yet the dead had been

buried, the royal guest had made his last bow, or the horses and crews had fed and rested. As time went on, however, and the demand for newer news and fresher "items" became greater, the work of the special rose higher and higher in the literary scale. It was found that of all literary labour his was the most difficult; it required in the man who followed it many gifts of brain and body which are but seldom found associated in the same being. It is said that one of the Federal generals in the American war declared to his soldiers, in an order of the day, that "his orderly room was his saddle." The desk of the special correspondent in war exists literally in the saddle; he has to carry his library in his head, and his life in his hand; he must be quick of limb and thought, heedless of sleep, be ready to eat when he can get food, nor stop to select his viands, be able to catch the picturesque or dramatic, when his brain is a blank through want of sleep, and his heart beats languidly from want of food. His tact must be of the greatest, for he has to outlive a hundred suspicions, to disarm as many antipathies.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written about modern military liberality, the man of the pen is still at a discount among men of the sword. If the rifle fire is hot, or the scream of the round shot unusually loud, or the shell bursts close at hand, many eyes are turned upon the newspaper man to note how he takes it all. Soldiers are too prone to forget that getting shot is no business of the special correspondent's—is a contingency, in fact, that does not enter into the relationship existing between him and the paper which he represents.

A distinguished military writer has classed newspaper writers among

¹ The *Daily News Correspondence of the War between Russia and Turkey, to the Fall of Kara*, including the Letters of Mr. Archibald Forbes, Mr. M'Gahan, and other Special Correspondents. Macmillan and Co., London.

"that race of drones who eat the rations of fighting men and do no work at all." This is scarcely fair; the ration-eating part may be true; but the work done by a special correspondent would tax the energies of the most active and robust soldier of any army in the world. The man of the pen has to win his "bubble reputation" literally "at the cannon's mouth." The day has long passed when a spectator can see anything of a battle without sharing to a great extent in the danger of the spectacle. A modern Eliza would have but a poor chance of beholding a Minden of to-day on any wood-crowned height secure from some far-reaching rifle-bullet; but the man who would attempt the task of describing the physical aspect of bodies of men under the ordeal of modern infantry fire must himself be near enough to the danger to catch those minute but most essential points which mark the gulf between reality and imagination.

But the danger which a war correspondent has to face in the field is nothing compared with the strain put upon his mental and physical qualities in the hours succeeding a general action. To convey the first tidings of the fight, to enable his paper to put forth those sensational capital letter announcements which catch the public eye at home, is the chief aim of the man who has just completed a long day of toil. To do this he has to perform feats of endurance which seem well-nigh incredible, even if taken by themselves; but following close upon the prolonged tension of actual exposure to fire, they become still more remarkable instances of what the human frame is capable of sustaining when the conditions of toil consist of open air and movement; and when the mind and body are nerved to exertion by the incentive of gaining a march upon a rival, or eclipsing some active competitor. Two of the most extraordinary instances to be found in the record of correspondents' enterprise are those of the ride from Plevna on the night of the 31st of July and that from

Schipka on the 24th of August. The first, from Plevna to Giurgevo, thence to Bucharest by rail, and then without rest of any kind across the Roumanian frontier to the nearest Transylvanian telegraph-office, from whence a six-column message was flashed to England, appearing in the *Daily News* of the 3rd of August. One hundred and fifty miles by saddle and waggon, beginning after ten hours on horseback under fire, would be enough to fully excuse absence of description or brilliancy of narrative; and yet, if Mr. Forbes never penned a description of a battle-field save that which tells of Schahofskoy's repulse from the ridge above Radisovo, on the evening of the 31st of July, his reputation as a writer of vivid and powerful narrative would be assured.

Not less remarkable was the second ride, three weeks later, from the Schipka Pass to the Simnitzer Bridge, and thence to Bucharest, under the fervid sun of a Bulgarian August day. This ride was begun at the termination of some fifteen hours riding to and fighting in the Schipka Pass; and again it resulted in a telegram of five or six columns in length, filled with vivid pictures of that desperate struggle in which Suleiman Pasha wrecked his splendid army against the Balkan rocks—so much for the actual physical exertion which some chance paragraph in these letters discloses.

The question will naturally occur, Where were the letters written?—if between the battle and the despatch of the message the time was spent in covering one hundred miles on horseback. The letters were penned at the moment of the fighting, under the very fire which they so clearly put before us; they are, in fact, a series of mental photographs of fight taken from the brain at the moment they have been received by it; but, in addition to photographic fidelity to truth, they possess almost a sense of sound—of the noise, movement, and roar of battle which no picture can ever

realise. But there is another feature in these letters which deserves special remark, and that is their general correctness whenever the writer ventures into the difficult regions of forecast and prophecy. In such an uncertain game as war it is no safe matter to allow the opinion to stray beyond the limits of what has actually been achieved and to indulge in that pleasant, but most dangerous work of discounting the future. Several times Mr. Forbes essays this difficult task, and almost invariably his opinion has been verified by the after event. He held that the Schipka was safe in the hands of the Russians, while yet the Russian head-quarters were dubious enough over their possession, and the Turks were confident that the hard-fought-for pass must still be theirs. He asserted that Plevna could only be taken by regular investment at a time when the key of the position was being looked for by Russian engineers at half-a-dozen spots along the wide semicircle of hills from Gravitza to Dubnik. Nor does he in these letters ever permit a feeling of partizanship to blind him to the true state of the case, both as regards the military value to be attached to each movement of the hostile armies, or of the political questions underlying the war.

Representing a journal which strongly advocates what may be called the anti-Turkish side, Mr. Forbes bears ready testimony to the prosperity enjoyed by the Bulgarian peasant, whose lot he favourably compares not only with Russian or German peasants, but with our own people in these islands we deem so happy. The land, which only a year before was painted to us as ravaged by fire and sword, he shows to us filled with all the products of peace, teeming with crops of waving corn, stocked with farm-houses, round which horses and cattle clustered at sunset, and where everything betokened a degree of comfort and prosperity utterly unknown even across the Danube in "free" Roumania.

So glaring is this contrast between the prosperity of the "down-trodden" Bulgarian and the poverty of the liberating Russian, that a hope is even expressed that the picture of plenty and possession under the Turkish rule may react upon the land of the liberators in producing a similar state of comfort and of liberty. Perhaps in this matter history may again repeat itself; and, as the barbarians of the North and East caught in the fair and fertile lands of Lombardy and Spain a higher civilisation and a keener sense of art and comfort, so may the Moujik, brought in contact with the realities of a higher state of social existence, eventually hide deeper in his nature the rude instincts of his Russian blood.

Among the many fallacies which grew rankly during the past summer, there was none more striking than the eagerly-accepted belief in the weakness of Russia as a military power. The reverses of the Russian arms at Plevna and in Armenia during the months of August and in September, the inability of the commissariat and transport departments to supply the armies, even when engaged in Bulgaria, and the absence of that mobile power which so distinguished the German invasion of France in 1870, were all seized by public opinion in this country as clear evidence of the natural helplessness of Russia as an aggressive power. Hastily jumping from conclusion to conclusion, the supporters of Russian policy in the East, as well as those who held that Russian success meant England's disaster, were equally loud in asserting that the collapse of Russia as a military power was unmistakably proved by six weeks' war in Europe and Asia. They failed to perceive that much, if not all, of the disaster suffered by the invaders was to be fully accounted for by the fact that for two-and-twenty years the Russian army had been an unused machine in any war, save the petty and semi-barbarous campaigns against Central Asian Khanites; that it was,

in fact, a giant out of training—filled with all the material from which power in war is derivable; but clogged for the moment by those inevitable accretions which result from peace, and the privileges which peace permits to creep into the military system.

And yet, even in the very reverses sustained by the armies that followed Melikoff and Schahofskoy, Krudener, and Schilder, the formidable nature of New Russia was plainly discernible. Had there been present as spectators of these fights at Plevna any British officer who had stood through the hard day at Inkerman, or had breasted up the long incline at Alma, surely there must have dawned upon such a one the knowledge that to the patience and dogged stolidity of his old enemy of three-and-twenty years ago there had come a new and a terrible strength—the strength of a wild, fierce, and heroic determination to carry at any cost the position of his adversary. It was no longer the serf soldier of the Crimean days, who could not stand at Alma or force our weak lines at Inkerman, it was the Russian peasant gaily accepting death at the call of duty—playing the part of that matchless infantry, of which it has been said by an enemy, "They are unequalled; fortunately they are so few." Unfortunately for the future enemies of Russia, the scant numbers of her infantry will not have to be mentioned.

But it is not alone by the talent and energy of Mr. Forbes that the *Daily News* has succeeded in producing what may be called a contemporary history of the Russo-Turkish War. In the person of another correspondent that journal has been equally fortunate. Mr. MacGahan has indeed in some points succeeded in placing before his readers a more highly-finished criticism of the campaign from a military point of view than can be found in the pages of his fellow-correspondent; whose work we have heretofore referred to.

Those who had the good fortune to accompany Mr. MacGahan through No. 221.—VOL. XXXVII.

his adventurous "Campaigning on the Oxus and the Fall of Khiva," will not need to be told that the courage and determination which carried him four years ago across the blinding desert of the Kizil Kum, and made him a sharer in all the hardships and glories of the Khivan campaign, have again been conspicuously manifest in Bulgaria and Roumelia. Nor will his power of description and keen insight into the errors of Russian generals and the corruptions of commissariat officials be subject of surprise to those who know how long and varied has been his experience of men and things in the great Republic of the West, as well as in the great Despotism of the East. Indeed his remarks upon Russian generals are so plain-spoken, that one is forced to conclude he must have enjoyed the protection of some one high in command in the Russian army; otherwise it is difficult to account for so keen and trenchant a pen being allowed to continue unchecked its career of criticism. It is this spirit of candid criticism that will give to this collection of letters its real value in the future. We feel that here we are reading the truth so far as it is possible to arrive at that one great historical essential.

History, written after long lapse of time, bears too many proofs of flagrant partiality; but this history written in the saddle, or in the dark corner of a wayside hut, bears in its free and fearless criticism the earnest of its truth.

Everywhere through these letters the reader gathers proof of the stalwart power of the Russian soldier, his cheerfulness under great privations, and his extraordinary marching capabilities. Despite the defects of strategy in the midsummer and early autumn, we are shown many glimpses of another class of Russian general, the product evidently of modern times, men who seem to unite the daring of some of the great cavalry captains of Napoleon, with the more stolid tenacity of the well-known

Muscovite type,—half Murat, half Suwaroff. Men before whom mountains disappear; snow becomes sunshine; at whose word soldiers dare the impossible, nor stop to count the odds. There is something singularly striking in this matter-of-fact age of ours in the picture of Skobelev as we find it drawn by two different writers many times throughout these letters; perhaps the image that will live longest in memory is that description of Skobelev on the 11th of September, when forced back by a valour even more desperate than his own from the redoubts above the Plevna-Loftcha road, he stood amid the wreck of his soldiers almost terrible in his despair.

In a nation like our own, where the military element is always subordinated to the civil, and where the civil in turn takes the colour of its thoughts from the mercantile interests involved in any question, it is almost impossible for the public mind to realise the strength of the military idea existing among such nations as Russia and Germany.

To fully understand the strength of that idea, we should ask ourselves what would be the state of thought in this country, if from the throne downwards every functionary of state were a soldier first, and a prince, peer, diplomat, head of a department, deputy, or deputy-assistant after. Yet this is precisely the state of things in Germany and in Russia. The governing class is military; between that class and the peasants there exists no middle class worthy of the name; hence public opinion as we know it here is unknown, or rather we should say that differences of public opinion are unknown; the peer and the peasant have still between them old feudal links of land-and-soldier service to the state; and the unquestioning obedience which the soldier learns as his first duty, is given as much to the policy of the government as to the orders of the general.

In a state of society so constituted, the fame of such soldiers as Skobelev

or Gourko becomes a thing quite different from any hero-worship possible among ourselves. The peasant is the true worshipper of warlike deeds. Even Béranger, sound republican though he was, realised this fact in his *Les Souvenirs du Peuple*. When a general officer bid the 18th Royal Irish Regiment fight at Sebastopol "until the Irish cabins would ring with the news," he also understood it. Many lowly cots doubtless ring to-night throughout broad Russia with the deeds of Skobelev and of Gourko; and if the day should ever come when Europe hears, as it has heard ere now, the tramp of Russian columns in the Alps or on the Rhine; or Asia sees the grim battalions streaming south to the rich plains of Hindostan, the lessons now being learnt and the stories now being told over the pine-log fires of the hut-homes of Russia, will bear fruit both sweet and bitter.

As the campaign north of the Balkans centred solely around Plevna, so the chief interest of this book lies around that now famous stronghold. As we read through many letters ranging in date from July to November, we are face to face with that horse-shoe line of earthworks where, when history comes to tell to time its final story of this war, the world will learn how well a gallant soldier kept the Crescent flying in the teeth of what was at best but a bastard Cross. But we see only the outside; of the inner life behind the grim circle of these trenches we know nothing. The Turk needed not newspaper men to blazon to the world the matchless valour with which he held these oft-assaulted lines; but doubtless there came moments during those long five months of death and danger when the pale-faced Pasha and his hungry soldiery in the great stronghold caught glimpses of a day when the name of the unknown Bulgarian village would be a sunset-light resting throughout all time upon the fading fortunes of his race. The winning side dictates its terms to history;

the world will probably never know more of Plevna than can be gathered from the Russian sources; but many peoples, when sorely pressed by overpowering hosts, will remember that in every land there are innumerable spots lying in the tracks which conquerors must follow, where the weaker side, if resolute, may cast itself full in the face of a victorious army, and delay, if it cannot finally arrest, a conqueror's course. It is something too for this age of ours to have been able to bury Metz under the earth-works of Plevna.

With Plevna fell the military system of Turkey. All the strength of the Sultan's empire was centred in these lines, and the enormous force put forth by Russia to crush resistance at this one spot rendered the campaign south of the Balkans one unbroken success for her; the stream pent up against the earthmounds of Plevna poured forth when Plevna fell, and swept before it Schipka and Sophia. Adrianople disappeared in the rush, and within six weeks from the day of Osman Pasha's surrender, Muscovite soldiers, whose eyes had never rested upon sight of ocean, beheld the blue Ægean spreading south from the shores of Enos.

Upon this point all the prophets have been wrong. The experts among our own military men, as well as the correspondents writing from the scene of fighting, equally declared in the impossibility of a winter campaign. So it has been, and so it will ever be; the doctors and professors will be the first to draw the black line of rule across the *carte blanche* of the possible. The school can do a great deal, but it can never put limits to what the genius of a leader may devise, or the courage and devotion of his soldiers may achieve.

On the vexed question of rival atrocities, these letters do not throw much additional light. To suppose that war can take place, particularly among eastern nations, without the element of atrocity being plainly evident, is to suppose what never has been in the past, and probably never will be in

the future. To some among us the Cossack has become an eminent civiliser; to others the Bashi-Bazouk is not half a bad fellow. For our own part we believe that the only civilisation which the Cossack can disseminate is that "civilisation off the face of the earth" which some other Christian nations have long been adepts at.

One fact has however a right to be stated on the Turkish side. Men, fighting for their soil, their faith, their homes, are generally more ruthless in their vengeance than the invader who fights against them. Nobody denies that the Russians bayoneted our wounded soldiers at Inkerman; nor can there be any doubt of the horrors perpetrated upon the French prisoners during the retreat from Moscow. It is not only in the pages of Fezensac and other French writers, that these horrors are most fully revealed to us; but in the sober narrative of Sir Robert Wilson, our own commissioner with the Russian head-quarters. If we recollect aright, there is one episode related by him of his having entered a wood, attracted to it by the sound of human cries, and there found Russian peasant women dancing round a large number of French prisoners whom they had chained to trees, and were roasting to death.

It is not improbable that among the Russian soldiers now engaged upon the civilisation of Turkey there are grandsons of some of these she-devils who can have little, not only of the milk of human kindness, but of human nature in their veins.

In truth there has been too much about atrocities. War, especially when it is wreaked for conquest, is a terrible thing. In no war of this century or in the last, since Frederick deliberately overran and annexed Silesia, has Europe witnessed a war so thoroughly undertaken for conquest as this one which we are now beholding. The invasion of Spain by Napoleon was not nearly so aggressive in its character. The Empire, heir to the Republic, had some shadow of excuse for aiming at the destruction of the

last Bourbon monarchy existing in Europe; but the claim which the Czar would put forth for destroying the Turkish empire is not nearly so strong as Philip might have urged in defence of the Armada, or America might advance to-morrow for the conquest of Ireland; for it must be clearly held in mind regarding this war that the Turk is no stranger on the soil he has fought so hard to keep. So far as the mere antiquity of his faith is concerned it is older in Constantinople by a century than Protestantism is in London. The Turk, too, as a power, is much more a European than the Russian; and in applying the bag and baggage principle, it would be well to bear in mind that in moving out the Turks from Europe you are simply moving out Roumanians, Bulgarians, and Thessalians quite as much as you would be moving Bengalees or Madrassees from India if you proposed to expel beyond the Affghan frontier the Mohammedans of that empire.

Meantime while we write the game has been played out to the bitter end; the Turk lies prostrate, stricken too hard ever to rise again, save to mutilated and aimless existence. It matters little whether it is Greek or Bulgarian or Servian or Roumanian who will step in to the vacant dominion; the end will be the same—sooner or later the Cossack will stable his horse in Constantinople there to remain. The existence of Greece as an independent state will then be about as secure as that of Hanover was twenty years ago or as Holland is to-day. Anatolia will not long remain when Armenia is gone, no longer than Armenia remained when Georgia had been taken. Not a single argument has been used in Russia or in England in favour of the war which cannot be applied twenty years hence to an invasion of Palestine and Syria. The "key-stone" once gone the arch will not long remain. "But before these things can happen we shall fight," we hear people say. Not a bit of it; you will have plenty to distract your

attention; you will be no richer than than you are at present, probably poorer; for your coal and iron will not cost you more than they do now, and the boundless mineral and agricultural resources of America will have thrown the balance of trade into her hands. Your Indian empire will be a thorn in your side, a thorn driven deeper by every mile of Russian advance in Persia or in Syria.

"But Germany will fight even if we should not." Yes, Germany will fight; but it will not be in the East. She will have too much fighting to do in the west. Germany has never ambitioned the rôle of an eastern power: her outlooks are towards the west. Prince Bismarck can scarcely want more of Europe than satisfied Napoleon on the raft at Tilsit. The bones of Charlemagne lie in Germany, why should not his sceptre stretch again from the Baltic unto Biscay? England possessed in Europe two natural allies, France and Turkey; the first was our natural ally because the love of freedom lay deep within the hearts of both nations; the wants of one were not the needs of the other, but a common civilisation and a kindred liberty tied together in a single struggle against despotisms Germanic or Slavonic, the thoughts and the aspirations of both people.

Turkey was our natural ally because since she ceased to be a menace to western civilisation she became the great check to a despotism far more dangerous to the human race—the ever-growing despotism of the Muscovite. Both these allies have been struck down; it might be said that when one fell in 1870, the end of the other was not far off—when Metz capitulated Plevna became possible.

We have heard it said that the penny papers had rendered war on the part of England impossible; that for the first time in their lives the people of this country had been brought face to face with the realities of the rifle, and that the havoc caused by the breech-loader, as described by the war correspondents, had caused a sensation

of horror in the public mind sufficiently strong to prevent us ever fighting except in self-defence. It has yet to be shown, however, that Englishmen are more readily impressed by the havoc of modern battle-fields than other nations; but one impossibility may be allowed in presence of the power of modern breech-loaders, and that is the impossibility of our ever being able to sustain a war protracted for any length of time on our present system of voluntary enlistment. The rapidly-succeeding waves of skirmish lines which are now found to be the only method of carrying a position would soon run dry if fed from the scanty resources of an army recruited on the voluntary system.

No. War on the Continent to-day means ballot or conscription; unless, indeed, it should be a war in which the spade will be made to dig the grave of British strategy in some solitary position based upon the sea, outside the lines of which no British regiment would ever venture.

As we have already said the spade forms an important feature in the story of this war as told in this correspondence; but in the increased power which the spade gives to the defence, one or two points should not be lost sight of by those who would seek from the example of this campaign to draw lessons for our future guidance. To the Turks the spade was a necessity. Their deficiencies of transport, and the absence of a perfectly organized staff in their army rendered that army helpless in striking power. In its different positions on the Quadrilateral and at Plevna it may be said to have resembled so many bull-dogs chained in a field: very dangerous to any force coming within biting distance; but perfectly harmless to anybody keeping outside the lengths of their respective chains. Unfortunately for the Russians Plevna was within biting distance of their line of communications, and Plevna had to be taken. The Turks being immovable then, or nearly so, it became absolutely necessary that they should entrench them-

selves up to the eyes, and the spade was their first necessity.

But the spade may become nearly as dangerous to the army that uses it as to the one that neglects it; like everything else it is good in its way; that way is even a long way, but its end can be reached. If the infantry soldier gets thoroughly convinced that in the shelter trench lies his hope of safety he will doubtless be a hard man to drive back out of these trenches; but it may also become a difficult matter to drive him on from them to the front. Digging may save a battle from being lost, but it has never won a decisive victory, and it probably never will.

It has been said frequently that this war has been a war of surprises. As the summer ran its quick course men caught eagerly at passing events, and drew deductions which seemed only made to be falsified. When the Danube had been crossed people began to speak of the campaign as well nigh over. When Plevna rolled back its many attacks Adrianople seemed a long way off. When Plevna fell the necessity of a second campaign was admitted on all hands, and not even the most sanguine friends of Russia counted on the winter passage of the Balkans and the conquest of Roumelia ere the Greek year had closed. And now, when the campaign is over, men speak of the losses of Russia in this war and of her consequently crippled condition. Is it not another fallacy? A short successful war never yet crippled a nation. Austerlitz did not prevent Jena; Eylau and Friedland did not prevent Wagram; Sadowa did not prevent Sedan.

Victory even when dearly purchased soon restores its losses by the increased sense of power it gives the victors, by the martial spirit it produces in a nation, and the confidence it inspires. When Russia next enters the field her power will be none the less formidable because 100,000 of her sons live to-day only in the memories of a great triumph.

W. F. BUTLER.

GERMAN VIEWS OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

We English are apt to consider ourselves as living in a house of glass, through which the noonday light of complete publicity penetrates into every corner and cranny of our political and social life. Indeed we often complain that the press, with its restless curiosity and unbounded license, is too fond of betraying what might well be kept secret, and exposing the national weaknesses, sins, and sores of Britannia, in a manner very detrimental to her good fame, and her position among her European sisters, who keep for the closet and the confessional what we proclaim on the housetop. Every fault in our military organisation, every new invention which might give us an advantage, in peace or war, over our rivals or our enemies, every diplomatic secret, the untimely disclosure of which must weaken the hands of our Government, is ferreted out with a keenness of scent which nothing escapes, and a persistency which will take no denial, and then forced on the attention of foreign friends and foes, with no small damage to our national interests. Our national tendency to self-depreciation, too, insures that other nations shall always know the worst of us. They know, for instance, on the very highest English authority, that this country is ruled by a histrionic adventurer, of purely Semitic sympathies, who is possessed with a frantic desire to plunge the country into war against an inoffensive people, whose only desire is to sacrifice themselves, without hope of reward, in the cause of civilisation and Christianity. They know, on equally high authority, that our army is composed of ignorant officers and weak little boys; that our war-ships are constructed on fatally erroneous principles; that the imperial throne of India is already

tottering to its fall, only requiring a gentle push from the hand of Russia to level it with the ground.

And yet I think that every man who has mixed in foreign society, or is conversant with foreign literature, will allow that he has often heard and read accounts of English life which go far to prove, either that our continental neighbours make little use of the assistance we offer them for the interesting study of ourselves, or that our institutions, like our island itself, are covered by a murky fog, impenetrable to foreign eyes. The ideal English nobleman at the Porte St. Martin is still a stout red-faced farmer, in a broad brimmed hat and long gaiters, with a thick stick in his hand, and a bull-dog at his heels. The English lady, at the Carnival at Cologne, still wears a poke-bonnet and a green veil, and is addicted to port wine or something stronger. I was astounded, on one occasion, to hear a German professor, of European celebrity, quietly assuming, as an undoubted fact, that the sale of wives at Smithfield was, or had been at a recent period, a perfectly legal transaction; and my indignant denial was received by the company present with a smile of amusement at my uncompromising patriotism.

The foregoing remarks have been suggested to my mind by the perusal of an address, delivered before the professors and students of the Berlin University, by the eminent physicist, Professor Helmholtz, on the occasion of his installation as Rector Magnificus. The title and main subject of his oration is "the Academical Freedom of the German Universities," to which, like almost all Germans, he ascribes their pre-eminence in Europe. But he also refers to the academical systems of England and France, and

dwells at some length on the constitution and general character of our two oldest and most famous universities, Oxford and Cambridge. We have here, therefore, an address from the highest academical authority in Germany, to the most select academical audience on the Continent of Europe. Yet even such a man, in such a place, draws a picture of our universities which borders very closely on caricature.

In speaking of their present condition, he says—

“Their large foundations, and the political tendency of Englishmen to conserve every existing right, have excluded almost every change, even in those directions in which it seemed urgently desirable. Both universities still retain, in the main, their character of schools for clergymen, formerly of the Romish, now of the Anglican Church, whose training, in so far as it conduces to the general development of the intellect, may be shared by laymen who are subjected to the same supervision and mode of life as was formerly considered proper for young clergymen.”

This reads strangely indeed to those who know that our whole academical system was remodelled by Act of Parliament in 1854 (to say nothing of the University Commission now sitting with almost plenary powers), and that there is scarcely any part of the ancient constitution of our universities which has not undergone a radical change in the last quarter of a century. Nor do our bishops, I fear, regard Oxford and Cambridge as “essentially schools for young clergymen.” They are more likely to complain of the very small number (not more than one in four at Oxford) of graduates who present themselves for orders. It is no longer essential that even the tutors of a college should belong to the Anglican Church, and some of them are avowed sceptics.

Again, the students of Berlin are told (and this is a matter of very trifling importance) that at Oxford and Cambridge

“The different classes of nobility are distinguished from one another by special badges”

on their academical costume; the fact being that the *different orders of noblemen* were never distinguished from one another, and that *all* distinctions of this kind have been, for some time past, abolished.

In two respects only does Professor Helmholtz consider the English universities worthy of imitation by the Germans:

“They develop,” he says, “in their students, side by side with a lively appreciation of the beauty and youthful freshness of the ancient world, a strong taste for elegance and precision of style, which manifests itself in the mastery they show in the use of their native language. In this direction, I fear, lies one of the weakest sides of the education of the young in Germany.”

(This is the more remarkable, if true, because direct instruction in the German language forms an important part of the school course even of the gymnasium or classical school).

“In the second place,” he continues, “the English universities provide much better than we do for the physical well-being of their students. These live in spacious airy buildings, surrounded by lawns and avenues, and seek their chief amusement in games which excite a passionate rivalry in the development of bodily strength and skill, and are far more effectual for attaining the desired end than our gymnastic and fencing exercises. It should not be forgotten that the more young men are debarred from fresh air and opportunities of active bodily exercise, the more inclined they are to seek a factitious excitement in the abuse of tobacco and intoxicating liquors. We must also acknowledge that the English universities accustom their students to exact and energetic work, and keep them to the habits of refined society. As to the moral effects of their strict supervision, that is said to be rather illusory.”

This passage is valuable, as showing that Professor Helmholtz errs from want of accurate knowledge, and not from any feeling of prejudice or antipathy. It is worth noticing that the same complaints are made, and the same compliments bestowed, by another of the great lights of natural science at Berlin, Professor Dubois-Reymond, in a very interesting article in the November number of the *Deutsche Rundschau*. He is speaking of the “increasing *bananian* shallowness”

of young Germany, the growth of "Americanism," and the decline of "Hellenism," and warns his medical students, more particularly, of the danger they incur by their neglect of classical studies, and a too exclusive attention to natural science, which, he says—

"Where it bears undisputed sway, robs the intellect of ideas, the fancy of images, and the heart of sentiment, and begets a narrow, dry, and hard disposition, deserted by the Muses and the Graces." . . . "Besides the lack of classical taste," he goes on, "there is another deplorable circumstance. The young medical students (who had come before Professor Dubois-Reymond for examination) spoke and wrote incorrect and inelegant German. The uncertainty of German orthography, word-formation, and syntax renders instruction in the mother-tongue more difficult to us than to nations with settled forms of speech. But these young men had generally no notion that any value could be attached to refinement of expression and pronunciation, to a nice choice of words, to brevity and precision of style. We cannot help being ashamed of such barbarism as Germans, when we think of the loving care which e.g. Frenchmen and Englishmen bestow on the cultivation of their native language, a breach of the rules of which appears to them an act of desecration. This neglect of the mother-tongue goes hand in hand with a surprisingly limited acquaintance with the German classics. There was a time when men gave up quoting from the first part of Goethe's *Faust* because every possible citation was hunted to death. Are we approaching a time when we shall no longer quote from it, because the allusion would not be understood?"

The learned Rector also does full justice to the merits of the Oxford and Cambridge professors,

"Among whom," he says, "there are many highly-distinguished men who have rendered important services to science." But he adds that "in the choice of professors, party interests and personal friendship have generally much greater weight than scientific merit; in these respects the English universities have retained all the intolerance of those of the middle ages."

No doubt, as long as men are men, they will in England, as they most certainly do in Germany, *ceteris paribus*, give the preference to a friend or a man of sound (i.e. their own) opinions on politics and religion, and will not help an opponent or a stranger, who

entertains false and injurious (i.e. other than their own) views on vital questions, into a position of power or influence. But Englishmen are not generally supposed to be exceptionally unfair or unscrupulous, and probably not one in five of elections at Oxford or Cambridge are made from party motives. The offer of a professorship in the latter university, which was made some years ago to Professor Helmholtz himself, is a striking proof that party and even national prejudices have less weight than the desire to procure the services of the ablest teachers.

"The different colleges," says the learned professor in another place, "exist in absolute separation from one another, and only the holding of examinations, the conferring of degrees, and the election of professors, are the concern of the university as a whole."

The time was when there would have been a considerable amount of truth in this statement, but any one who is competent to give an account of the present state of our universities would know, that one of the most remarkable and beneficial changes which have taken place at Oxford and Cambridge is the growth of an extensive system of inter-collegiate teaching (not to mention other kinds of connection), which binds the colleges together; and that it is now by no means true that "they exist in absolute separation, from one another."

"The English universities," continues Professor Helmholtz, "perform in many respects important services. They make educated gentlemen of their scholars, but gentlemen who must not transgress the bounds of the political and religious party to which they belong, nor do they in fact transgress these bounds. Oxford belongs more especially to the Tories, Cambridge to the Whigs."

This passage will be read with some astonishment at Oxford, particularly just after the now historical pro-Russian meeting of young Palmerstonians in that university, which will no doubt have opened the eyes of the professor to the amazing mistake which he has made. So far is it, moreover, from being the fact that university men are

kept strictly within the bounds of their religious and political parties, that there is probably no period of life in which more changes of opinion in religion and politics take place than in the years passed at college.

Perhaps the most astounding statement in the whole address, and that which betrays the greatest amount of ignorance of the actual state of things at our universities, is this, that

"The college tutors may not deviate one hairbreadth from the dogmatic teaching of the English Church, without exposing themselves to the censure of their archbishops, and losing their pupils."

If the archbishops *have* this power, the present most reverend prelates are very remiss in its exercise. We should have to go far back, I think, in our history to arrive at a period when the bishops had any control over the teaching at the universities, and it ought to be well-known to any one who undertakes to give an account of Oxford and Cambridge that all tests have been swept away by Act of Parliament.

It appeared to me so very undesirable that so distorted a sketch should circulate in Germany under such high sanction as the faithful portrait of our greatest universities, that I ventured to send an article on the subject to the *Deutsche Rundschau* at Berlin, one of the most ably conducted periodicals in Germany, which well deserves to be more extensively read in this country. The accomplished editor, Dr. Rodenberg, sent my strictures in MS. to Professor Helmholtz, and they appeared, with his answer appended to them, in the February number of the *Rundschau*. His reply may account for one or two of the many errors into which he has fallen, though it hardly seems to justify him in speaking so authoritatively on a subject on which he had so little recent or trustworthy information. He evidently writes under the influence of impressions made on him long ago during a visit to Oxford.

"When I spoke," he says, "of the censure of the archbishops, I did not mean to attri-

bute to them an official right of interference, but referred to the influence which the voice of the higher clergy exercised on those classes of society to which, formerly at least, the majority of students belonged. I was in England when the storm of anathemas against Professor Jowett passed through the English press, from very influential quarters. I was not a little surprised to see how small an amount of heterodoxy sufficed to raise this storm."

Again, he says:—

"It is difficult to form an opinion as to the extent of the effect produced by reforms, or even to learn from time to time which of the many proposed alterations have been definitively adopted and carried into execution. A connected account of these changes by a competent authority would be a very valuable boon to the German reader. I must confess that my own sketch refers to a state of things existing ten or even twenty years ago. My information, derived partly from books, and partly from oral sources, dates as far back as that. But it was not gathered from Dissenters alone, or other opponents, but also from working members of the universities themselves. In the address referred to by Mr. Perry, my object was to lay before my hearers a brief account of the results of the ancient constitution of Oxford and Cambridge, upheld for a period of 300 years. The recent reforms in those institutions have certainly been influenced by the example of the German universities, and afford honourable testimony to the practical good sense of the English; but they do not materially affect our judgment of the consequences of the ancient system. I am sorry if I have painted even the older state of things in too dark a colour. Where one depends on oral communication, there is no doubt a danger lest our authority may have been seen through the coloured medium of his own isolated experiences. But the merits and deficiencies of a system which differs from the ideas and customs of his own home naturally make a deeper impression on a stranger than those to which he has been long accustomed in his own country. At all events it is very satisfactory to learn from one who is acquainted with both German and English universities, and who has shown in a recent article on the German Universities in *Macmillan's Magazine* (December, 1877), that he measures by the same ideal standard as ourselves that the development of the English universities has taken a better direction than it seemed to the friends of scientific progress to have done at no very distant date."

The errors into which Professor Helmholtz has fallen, and even the way in which he accounts for them, make us feel very forcibly how far we are still removed from those who, intellectually, ought to be our nearest

neighbours. Yet, after all, the fault is not perhaps altogether on their side. There is something very difficult to understand in English life and institutions, and our history explains the difficulty. Neither our highways nor our political constitution have been made by Napoleons with a *tabula rasa* before them. In travelling along the former you cannot proceed for hours, as in France, in the same direction along a straight high-road; you are perpetually turned out of your way by this man's field or that man's garden. And in trying to understand the latter you are continually coming across some antiquated form, some ancient privilege or custom, some vested right, which throws you out of the course which political science has laid down. We have a civil polity which includes, in theory at least, almost every form of government which has ever existed in the world. Absolute monarchy, limited monarchy, aristocracy, oligarchy, timocracy, and democracy, existing side by side, and agreeing or jostling one another as they may. We have a powerful and wealthy Established Church, with unbounded religious freedom. Our jurisprudence is a jungle of usages, precedents, royal enactments, judgments, and statute law—a jungle through which only a well-trained, thick-skinned legal trapper can make his way. Our social system, our distinctions of rank, the titles of our aristocracy, are equally hard to understand. The average Englishman does not understand them, much less the intelligent foreigner. The latter has read, perhaps, that no nobleman can be a member of the House of Commons, and then reads the names of Marquises, Earls, and Viscounts in every division-list. On further inquiry he is told that they are not Lords at all, but Commoners. Again, accustomed at home to look on the *noblesse* as a distinct class or caste, he is amazed on being introduced to the grandson of a duke who bears the same title as his butler. He finds that he may call a man *Mr.* to his face, but that the

same person is insulted if he addresses a letter to him in the same way. The consequence is that the intelligent but puzzled foreigner makes assurance doubly sure by addressing you as "Sir, Mr., Dr. —, Esquire."

Nor do our two ancient universities present fewer anomalies to the foreign inquirer than our other institutions. The changes which they have severally undergone, have not been made simultaneously, nor have they been generally made known to the public at large. The character of the teaching, and even the subjects of study, are not always the same in the different colleges, and the spirit in which they are ruled is often essentially different. It may be doubted whether an average Oxford or Cambridge man could give off-hand a clear account of the constitution of his university, or even of the particular college to which he belongs.

There prevails, moreover, a very remarkable reticence, the result of both pride and modesty, among the members of our most ancient schools and universities. You will rarely find an Oxford, or Cambridge, or Eton man writing panegyrics on his college, or enlarging in conversation on the learning of its tutors, or the wonderful performances and high honours of its students. Our scholars have an invincible repugnance *s'afficher* before the world at large, and their reputation suffers accordingly in this modern world of enormous "posters."

On the whole, then, we must not be greatly surprised that foreigners often utterly mistake what we ourselves imperfectly understand, but must do our best to enlighten them. It is, after all, worth while to be understood and appreciated by men of such eminence as Professor Helmholtz, and corporations like the Berlin University; and, in conclusion, I can but echo the Professor's wish, that some competent person would publish a full and clear account of the recent changes and present constitution of our two great universities.

WALTER C. PERRY.

THE ENGLISH LAW OF BURIAL.¹

"*The English Law of Burial permits the performance of other than the rites of the Church of England in the churchyards and cemeteries of the National Church.*" This proposition is not new—it has been frequently stated by myself—it has been stated with the utmost force of argument by a distinguished dignitary of the Church residing in the precincts of the Temple, and adding to his ecclesiastical learning the legal acumen which pervades those venerable precincts—who has twice written to the *Times* newspaper, and who, on the last occasion, the 4th of September, 1877, received an entire endorsement of his view from a powerful leading article in that journal. To his arguments, and to the arguments of the *Times*, although many letters were written in connection with the general subject of burials immediately afterwards, no answer whatever has been given. It is therefore worth while to ask whether in point of fact the arguments have been left unanswered because they are unanswerable.

I. The position is this—the law of burials as it now stands in England satisfies all the demands of Nonconformists, and renders futile all the objections which Churchmen have raised to these demands. First, it permits the burial in our national churchyards of the corpses of those who die within the parish, whether Nonconformists or Churchmen, whether baptised or unbaptised. Secondly, it permits the use of other services over them than that prescribed in the burial office of the Book of Common Prayer. Thirdly, it will not enforce the intervention of the clergyman of the parish to prevent the use of such services if conducted without brawling or disorder. Fourthly, all that is prescribed by the law is the office

which the clergyman is to use, and the class of persons over whom it is and is not to be used. All that is secured by the deed or by the traditions of consecration is that the ground shall be set apart as "a cemetery or burial ground."² The form of a consecration service, whether for church or churchyard, has no legal validity, and depends on the will or fancy of each individual bishop; but even if it had any legal force, there is nothing in that for churches which confines it to the Church of England, and in that for burial grounds there is nothing which confines it even to the Christian religion. I shall proceed to state the grounds for these several positions.

(1) First, there is no law which debars those who die in the parish of their natural right to be interred in the parish churchyard; and to this right, difference of creed, or conduct, raises no bar.

The bodies of unbaptised children have constantly, and by a usage which has by this time acquired a prescription which no law would reverse, been buried within our churchyards. An Act of 48th George IV., chapter 75, expressly provides for the interment in churchyards of dead human bodies, even although not of the parish, thrown up on the shore, without regard to creed or race. A statute of 4th George IV., chapter 52, provides also for the interment of those who by a coroner's inquest have been declared

² The usual deed of consecration for a church asserts that the church "is set apart from all profane and common uses, and to the service of Almighty God, and for the performance of divine worship, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England." Even in the case of a church, there is no exclusion of other rites. The deed does not say, "And none other." But in the deed for the consecration of *cemeteries* and *churchyards* this limitation does not usually occur, and they are simply set apart as "burial-grounds."

¹ Read at a meeting of clergy and laymen, Feb. 7, 1878.

to be *felo de se*. It is needless to argue this point further. There is probably no one who would contest it. And yet in every one of these cases, the "desecration" (as it is strangely called) of our churchyards by the bodies of those who do not belong to the Church of England, or who would fall under one of the three excluded classes mentioned in the first rubric of the burial service (of which I will speak presently), has occurred already. "God's Acre" has already received within its limits the dust of the very persons whose burial there is so vehemently deprecated. In all these cases it is the Nonconformists who are within the law—it is the protesting clergy who are against the law. The interment of Nonconformists, at least in silence, is legal. The acknowledgment of this right is the concession of the key of the whole position. The "freehold" of the soil is invaded by the persons whom the clergy wish to exclude, and the invasion is guaranteed by law.

(2) Secondly, there is no law forbidding at such interment the use of prayers, hymns, or addresses to be spoken or read by the friends of the deceased. The only law which specifies anything for the religious ceremony of interment is that contained in the two introductory rubrics of the Burial Service. It is worth observing that the first rubric was not introduced into the Prayer-book till 1662, and that, therefore, during the whole period between the Reformation and the Restoration, from 1549 to 1662, the service of the Prayer-book might be used over the classes now excluded from the benefit of the Burial Service.¹

I will not now detain you with this prohibition. Late as it is, and belonging to the most vindictive period of the

English Church, it yet has by the legislation of 1662 become statute law. But it does not, as we have seen, exclude the interment of those three classes. All that it does is to prevent the *clergyman* from reading in its entirety over their graves the Burial Office; and by the second rubric it is ordered that the Burial Office in the Prayer book shall be used by the *clergyman*. But there is not a word said to prohibit the use either of parts of the Burial Service over these excepted cases or of any other form of service, by the friends of the deceased. The law is a restraint upon the *clergyman*. It is no restraint on any one except the *clergyman*. And what the law allows has frequently taken place. Even in the case of funerals performed not only within churchyards but within churches, other forms than those prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer have been constantly used. Hymns which have no place in the Book of Common Prayer are again and again sung at funerals. Addresses to the bystanders, or if not addresses words of consolation, even more effective than addresses, have been spoken. Orations till the beginning of the last century were not uncommon at the grave of the dead, or as part of the funeral service. For a long continuity of years the words which have formed the close of the funeral of every illustrious person interred in Westminster Abbey are not taken from the Burial Office, but are the words of an anthem written by a Lutheran composer and first sung over the grave of a Lutheran queen in the middle of the last century. All these practices, no doubt, if the words of the second rubric are construed with absolute rigidity, are against the strict letter of the law. But there are other usages of this kind, in our churchyards, which are not against the letter of the law, on which the law is totally silent, and which long custom has vindicated beyond all question. In many churchyards there have been funerals in which Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Druids, and all manner of such

¹ "No prohibition of the Burial Service for unbaptised persons or indeed for any class of persons is to be found in the Liturgies of Edward and Elizabeth . . . and the 68th Canon enforcing this statutory right only excepted persons excommunicate and impenitent." (Judgment of the Court of Arches in *Escott v. Mastin*, Broderick and Fremantle's Collection, p. 16).

societies have used in the presence, but without the interference of the clergyman, their peculiar ceremonies. Not only so—but Nonconformists have interred their dead in our churchyards with their own services, and addresses have been delivered by persons not belonging to the Church of England over the graves of the departed at the time of the funeral, to which no exception whatever has been taken by ecclesiastical or by civil authority. It has been stated publicly by the Rector of St. Helier's in the island of Jersey, that now for many years Nonconformists and Roman Catholics have, in the churchyard of that parish, without the slightest disorder or the slightest objection, used their own ceremonies in the interment of their own dead. Within the last two years a highly respected Russian priest was interred in the consecrated portion of the cemetery of Kensal Green with a service partly consisting of our own Liturgy¹ and partly of prayers from the Greek Office, offered up by the distinguished Archimandrite who now officiates in the Greek Church at London Wall. In the consecrated part of the cemetery of West Brompton,² at the funeral of the late Mr. Odger, addresses were delivered at the grave immediately after the conclusion of the service by the well-known Comtist, Professor Beesley, by the celebrated Radical, Professor Fawcett, and by the Rev.

¹ "The chapel service in cases of Greek and Russian funerals is omitted. The English committal to the grave occurs. The Greek and Russian service follows." (Chaplain of the Kensal Green Cemetery).

² According to the Act for the establishment of this cemetery (West of London Cemetery) 1 Vict. c. 130, §3, the part where Mr. Odger was buried is "set apart for the interment of the dead according to the rights (query, rites?) and usages of the United Church of England and Ireland . . . and when consecrated shall be set apart and be used and applied exclusively for the purposes of *Christian Burial*." This last expression, which is the only one used with an exclusive sense, is equally employed in the next clause (§4), for the part set apart for the interment of persons not being members of the Established Church.

Mr. Murphy, a Nonconformist minister, without the slightest interference on the part either of the clergyman, the proprietors, or magistrate. Again, in the Preamble of the Act of 5 King George IV., chap. 25, an Act applying to Ireland, it is recited that this "easement of burial, according to the rites of the several religions professed by all classes of His Majesty's subjects," has been long enjoyed "in the churchyards of Protestant churches—and this apparently without any complaint or disorder arising even in that highly excitable country. Again, in the churchyard of Old St. Pancras, down to 1819, were buried Roman Catholics and Nonconformists, and also, it is believed, other foreigners; and as late as 1811 the Turkish Ambassador was thus interred with the ceremonies of the Mohammedan religion, without remonstrance from the bishop or clergy.¹

These instances, combined with the absence of any legal prohibition, show that the defilement or "besmirchment" of our churchyards (to use an offensive word employed at the late Church Congress) by services other than those prescribed in the Liturgy, has already taken place to such an extent that it is too late to protest against it as a novelty now to be introduced for

¹ "Monday morning (1811) about nine o'clock, the remains of the late Turkish Ambassador to this country were interred in the burial ground of St. Pancras. The procession consisted of a hearse containing the body, covered with white satin, which was followed by his excellency's private carriage, and two mourning coaches, in which were the late ambassador's attendants. On arriving at the ground, the body was taken out of a white deal shell which contained it, and according to the Mohammedan custom, was wrapped in rich robes and thrown into the grave, and immediately after a large stone, with a Mohammedan inscription on it, nearly the size of the body, was laid upon it; and, after some other Mohammedan ceremonies had been gone through, the attendants left the ground. The procession, on its way to the churchyard, galloped nearly all the way. The grave was dug in an obscure part of the burial ground."—From the *History of St. Pancras* by Samuel Palmer, 1870. Page 255. The name of the Turkish Ambassador (Mehemet Edifik Effendi) appears in the Register of St. Pancras.

the first time. The only argument that has been used against the legality of the permission of such services is the one which, when challenged to produce any such argument, was employed by the present Bishop of Lincoln, and by the present Attorney-General when asked a question upon the subject in the House of Commons. It was to this effect:—That such liberty was prohibited by a section of the Public Worship Regulation Act. It is sufficient to reply, with the distinguished "London clergyman" to whom I have before referred, "The Act in question made nothing lawful or unlawful which was not so previously. It was an Act for regulating procedure and nothing more. It merely said: 'If the incumbent shall use, or permit to be used, in any church or churchyard, any service not authorised by the Prayer-book, certain methods of bringing him to account are hereby established.' It said not one word of new liabilities or new disabilities. It left the law as it found it. Were it true that the Public Worship Act made Nonconformist burials in churchyards illegal, or added one iota to the facilities of preventing or punishing them, we know full well that the Bill would never have been suffered to become law, or that its repeal would instantly be demanded by the imperious clamour of public opinion." If this be the only argument (and it is the only argument¹ which has been adduced), all that the Dissenters need demand is the repeal of that one Section of the Public Worship Regulation Act; and all that the 15,000 protesting clergy have to rely upon against the intrusions which they so much deprecate, is that very Public Worship Regulation Act which so large a portion of them have for the last two years been condemning with a vehemence which would lead one to suppose that its repeal would be the greatest benefit that could possibly be conferred upon them.

(3) But, thirdly, there arises the question whether the permission

could be refused. It may be said that while these cases would prove that the use of hymns, anthems, services, and addresses, other than those prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer, is admissible with the permission of the clergyman; and although it be conceded that such permission, on the part of the clergyman, would be lawful, yet that the law would justify him in refusal, and that his refusal would in that case render them illegal.

This, however, resolves itself simply into a case of trespass. It may be, as was argued in the instance of the erection of a well-known tombstone, that the clergyman, as trustee of the churchyard, might wish to reserve the whole of the ground for the purpose of feeding his sheep; but these considerations would not apply in the consecrated portions of our city cemeteries; they do not belong to the general law of the Church; they would arise at most from a complex and difficult question of the right of property, a right no doubt which ought not to be disparaged, but which still cannot be said to enter into the graver courts of conscience or of religion. But even if we grant this proprietary right, which has been already broken through and through by the acknowledged claim to interment, with or without the incumbent's consent,—even if, after having been compelled to concede the sacred soil for the interment of a saintly Quaker like Elizabeth Fry, the clergyman still claims the privilege of forbidding a word over her grave, we still ask who is to interfere, and how? Let us take a few instances. The grave has been dug for the body of an innocent unbaptised child, of whom our Saviour said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." To cause such a grave to be dug is, as we have seen, the undoubted right of its parents. The father or the mother utter a cry of anguish by the side of the little coffin. That, as we have seen, is an acknowledged custom. If the clergyman calls in the police, is there any law to sustain

¹ See Postscript to this article.

him in this refusal? Or a Welsh miner, of the Baptist persuasion, is borne, after some great catastrophe, to his last resting-place by his mourning co-religionists, singing perhaps a hymn of Wesley or of Doddridge. Is there, or is there not any statute law, is there, or is there not any ecclesiastical canon, which will justify the clergyman in forbidding the utterance of one of those sweet Psalmists of Israel? Is there, or is there not any law in these realms, so absurd, (I venture to use the words of the Primate) so "inhuman," as to enforce this prohibition? If there be, let it be pointed out. "No mere dictum will suffice of some ecclesiastical judge" (I quote again from "the London Clergyman"), "in some undefended suit, in some remote part of the country, denouncing a Dissenting interment as an unwarrantable intrusion. What we ask is, how will such a dictum fare in 'the refiner's fire' of a Court of Final Appeal, when all the legislation of the last half century, and every altered circumstance of the present will be taken into view?"

¹ Such a case is the judgment of Dr. Lushington stated in the 6th vol. of the *Jurist*, New Series, 280, Feb. 8, 1860:—

"This was a case in the Court of Arches of office promoted by the secretary of the Bishop of Chichester against the father and another, for having buried or assisted to bury the corpse of an unbaptised child in the churchyard of Patcham, and having publicly read or performed 'a burial service' over the corpse.

"The parties submitted and acknowledged their offence, and were admonished and dismissed on payment of costs.

"Dr. Lushington observed, 'I cannot doubt as to the law. It is clearly illegal to collect an assemblage of persons in a churchyard for the purpose of forcibly burying the corpse of an unbaptised person, or to read a service over such corpse. By the ecclesiastical law, no person, unless duly authorised, can be permitted to perform service on consecrated ground.'

But this was an undefended suit, and it may be observed that the first part of the judgment ("It is clearly illegal to collect an assemblage of persons in a churchyard for the purpose of forcibly burying the corpse of an unbaptised person") runs counter to the principle, now universally conceded, that every one dying in the parish has an undisputed right to interment. And the second part, on whatever ground it rests, does not prevent the

And what we further ask is, "Show us the statute or canon, chapter and verse, which, after the acknowledged right of interment, after the acknowledged right of the clergyman to permit the use of Nonconformist ceremonies, would justify a clergyman in forcibly preventing either the interment or the ceremony?"

(4) There is one right no doubt which the law of the land and the law of the Church insure to the clergyman and the churchwardens, and not only as ecclesiastical officers, but as citizens. It is a right also which all Nonconformists and even all Secularists would gladly concede for their own credit, as well as for the sake of the churchyard and the clergyman, namely, the right to call in the police to interfere with brawling or disorderly conduct.

Every legislative proposal which has been made on this subject has been accompanied by clauses or by wishes which have only not been expressed in legal provisions because of the difficulty of finding proper legal terms to prevent any infringement of decorum or respect on these occasions. But the existing law enables clergymen, churchwardens, proprietors of cemeteries, or any other body, to check disorderly proceedings on which not only Churchmen, but Nonconformists, and Nonconformists even more than Churchmen, would be grateful for restraints.

The practices excluded (down to recent times) were precisely named in the 88th Canon and in the 5th and 6th of Edward VI. c. 4.

They are not prayers or hymns or addresses by whomsoever uttered. All these were by implication permitted. The practices which the clergymen may repress are plays, feasts, suppers, Church ales, drinkings, temporal courts' leets, lay-juries, musters, or any other profane usage; brawling, fraying, fighting, smiting, chiding, drawing with the weapon.² With the power

clergyman from duly authorising a service other than the prescribed Burial Office.

² By 23 and 24 Victoria, c. 32, § 2, the ecclesiastical penalties were abolished, and civil penalties substituted, and the offence confined

of suppressing these, the churchyards and the consecrated portions of our cemeteries would be sufficiently guarded; and, at any rate, it is the only guard which the law allows under existing circumstances. A brawl, even a riot, may take place, even although the form used be that of our own solemn burial service; and worse could not occur were the Methodist to use his hymns or even the Secularist to make his address. It may occur, we grieve to say, by the misconduct of a single drunken clergyman, or by the folly of a rabble of mourners, who have been the followers of a funeral of the Church of England.

II. These then are the liberties which the law of England allows; these are the liberties which those who wish to maintain the law of our Church unaltered are pledged to defend; these are the liberties which the Nonconformists, in ignorance of their own existing rights, have, during the last few years, been seeking so vehemently to obtain.

It may be said with a smile of incredulity—Is it possible that such a secret can have been so long unknown? Is it possible that my friend Mr. Osborne Morgan has been for so many years kicking at an open door, and that my friend the Bishop of Lincoln has so long been invoking all the powers of Heaven and earth against a sacrilege which he has been for years permitting, and in which he at this moment acquiesces?

It would be astonishing, if it were not that English law, and especially ecclesiastical law, is constantly liable to these surprises. Every one was astonished when within this century some one demanded to fight the plaintiff by wager of battle. Many would be astonished at hearing for the first time that there is no such

to the act of any one "who shall molest, let, disturb, vex or trouble, or by any other unlawful means disquiet or misuse any preacher duly authorised to preach therein, or any clergyman in holy orders in any churchyard." It is probable that this Act would guard the preacher of a Nonconformist community, as well as the clergyman himself.

thing as a law of primogeniture in England. Many would be startled at the discovery that in the old Catholic Church the sacraments of baptism, marriage, and absolution could be performed without a priest, and the sacrament of confirmation without a bishop. Every one was astonished when it was found that a great suit under the Public Worship Regulation Act fell to pieces because the judge sat in Lambeth and not at Westminster. Many persons were astonished when distinguished Nonconformists found that they could legally deliver addresses on the subject of Christian missions within the walls of Westminster Abbey. Eleven thousand¹ clergy in 1864 were terrified beyond measure by finding that the doctrines of verbal inspiration, and the endless duration of hell torments, were not parts of the doctrines of the Church of England. Perhaps even a larger number in 1850 were exasperated almost to frenzy by finding that the absolute unconditional regeneration of infants in baptism might be freely questioned within the pale of the Church. Yet in each case not only are these doctrines now acknowledged to be lawful, but dignitaries of the Church are freely suffered to preach openly truths which formerly could hardly be spoken of except with bated breath; and in one case, that of baptismal regeneration, the late respected Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford wrote an elaborate work to prove that the decision of the Privy Council which affirmed the Gorham judgment was the only one which could be held compatible with patristic orthodoxy.

¹ Probably 11,000 in 1864 would be nearly, in proportion, the same as 15,000 at the present time. But of those 11,000 would twenty sign the same declaration now? And is the value of the 15,000 signatures more than those of the 11,000 of which Bishop Thirlwall said at the time, "I cannot consider them in the light of so many ciphers, which add to the value of the figures which they follow; but I consider them in the light of a row of figures preceded by a decimal point, so that however far the series may be prolonged it can never rise to the value of a single unit" (*Guardian*, April 27, 1864).

In this very case of burials many in Scotland would 150 years ago have been astonished to find that an Episcopalian minister, or a Roman Catholic priest, could with all the paraphernalia of his Church, read the funeral service over the departed in churchyards of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. And most Englishmen probably will be startled to know that the practice which they so vehemently deprecate in England, has existed continuously and constantly for centuries without inconvenience in Ireland. The fact is that in subjects so complex, in laws framed without special regard to the new state of things which has sprung up around us, it is almost inevitable but that many practices will be found within the liberties of the Church that have before been treated as impossible. The fact of a liberty not having been discovered is no proof against its existence.

III. Now if this be so, let me briefly point out some of the advantages which would flow from the frank and full recognition that this long-vexed question is thus settled. To those eager partisans to whom nothing is so dear as a grievance I have nothing to say. I pity those members of the Liberation Society to whom this agitation has been the very meat and drink of the last few years. I pity those confident Conservatives and timid Churchmen who have been threatening disestablishment and fearing sacrilege, which they now will find has been part and parcel of the Established Church for centuries. But it is not to them that these remarks are addressed. There must be many amongst statesmen, on both sides of politics, there must be many reasonable Nonconformists, there must be many charitable Churchmen, who would be glad to escape easily, and without a struggle, from a combat in which every victory gained on either side is a loss to charity and to truth. Even should I have been able to prove no more than that Dissenters may use their own services with the permission of the clergyman, I should hope that there would be hundreds

and thousands of our brethren who would rise to the elevation of their newly-found liberty, and give every facility for the performance of rites which are as natural to demand as they are painful to resist; and I should hope, also, that among Nonconformists there might be many who would feel that, in asking for this permission, they were doing nothing derogatory to their position—they would, in fact, only be placing themselves on the same level as the Archbishop of Canterbury, who cannot, by the existing law, read even our own Burial Service without the permission of the clergyman in whose churchyard it is to be performed. But should there be amongst our number any who, from wilfulness or from conscientious objections' refuse to avail themselves of this liberty, then and then only, but then without doubt, it would be necessary to ascertain, perhaps by a single law-suit, whether the rights of property, which cannot exclude the interment of the Nonconforming dead, are sufficient to exclude the liberties of Nonconformist services allowed by the general law of the Church. If, as I hope, it should be found that these technical objections do not rise to the level of legal obstructions, then the experience of Scotland and Ireland, and those numerous instances which I before cited in England, justify us in believing that, even in the case of the most scrupulous of the clergy, the alarm will in a few years subside into a tranquil satisfaction that they are "fortunate beyond their own knowledge," and that that which I am assured has occurred in the case of the St. Helier's churchyard will occur throughout the country, namely, "that the Nonconformists will seldom take advantage of the concession made to them, the concession itself making it the more conciliatory, and leading them more and more to a favourable interpretation of our own beautiful Burial Service." Let Nonconformists be assured that half the bitterness of the contest on the side of Churchmen

is occasioned by the belief that they are asked to surrender a right which they have had for centuries. Let Churchmen be assured that half the bitterness on the part of Nonconformists is occasioned by the belief that they have a natural right from which they are excluded by an unjust law. If it can be made clear to the clergy that they have never had any such right to exclude, and to the Nonconformists that the existing law guarantees to them a right which they have always had, surely the winds and waves will cease, and perchance there will be a great calm. It cannot be deemed an unreasonable wish of Dissenters to be buried by the side of their ancestors in our national churchyards, and that from time to time the survivors should have the consolation of hearing the prayers or hymns with which they themselves are familiar. It cannot be deemed a foolish instinct for Churchmen to desire that grounds set apart, not "by what we call the ceremony of consecration," but by the far deeper consecration of the holy dead and the memories enshrined for ever in the lines of Gray's *Elegy*, shall not be exposed to disorder and tumult, still more that these sacred grounds should not from polemical purposes be closed. But funerals are not the times for the worst, but for the best, feelings of our common human nature to be uppermost.

"Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Nonconformists, by desiring to bury their dead with those from whom they have been divided in life, renounce for the time their position as separatists. They recognise that at least in the case of churchyards there is a national religion, a State Church, which they do not think unlawful, and in whose most valued endowment they have no struggle in claiming a concurrent share. And doubly strong, doubly blessed, will be the national religion and the national Church when we find that it never has parted asunder in the grave those whom God, by

our common English lineage, and our common human nature, has joined together.

A. P. STANLEY.

P.S.—Since the composition and the delivery of this essay, there have been two discussions on the Burial Question. The first was on the morning of the 15th of February, in the Lower House of the Convocation of the Southern Province; the second was in the evening of the same day in the House of Commons. In the Convocation, the facts stated in the foregoing pages were set forth; but received neither elucidation nor contradiction, and a resolution¹ was passed by fifty-nine to nine which, if it became law, would curtail by a hitherto unprecedented encroachment the existing liberties of the Church, by prohibiting (whether intentionally or unintentionally) not merely the use of such Nonconforming services as those already mentioned, but the use of hymns, anthems, or the like, now so common in important funerals conducted in other respects according to the form prescribed in the Prayer-book. To this resolution was appended a rider encouraging the clergy and churchwardens, for the sole purpose of excluding dissenters, to dis sever the sacred connexion between the parishioners and the churchyard by "providing cemeteries."

In the House of Commons the debate took a wider range, and was distinguished by the superior knowledge, moderation, and ability displayed by almost all the speakers, and, with the

¹ "That this House is of opinion that the Church cannot, without detriment to her spiritual character and without breach of trust, consent to admit within her consecrated burial grounds rites other than her own, and that by the relaxation of the existing ritual already adopted by this House, permitting an alternative service or burial without service, and the facilities that have been given for the provision of cemeteries, the grievances of Nonconformists may most properly be met." It is obvious that any modern law, incorporating these proposals, would definitively exclude all variations from the existing burial service except the meagre and uniform alternative service indicated.

exception of a few passages, remarkably free from any display of party spirit. The lucid speech of the mover of the resolution, which was only lost by a majority of 242 to 227, substantially confirmed the main positions laid down in the foregoing essay, and he asserted positively "that the common law of England, which vested the freehold of the parish in the clergyman and the churchwardens, gave to every parishioner—indeed to every person dying in the parish—the right to be interred in the churchyard quite irrespective of his religious opinions or of the consent of the incumbent, and to baptised persons not labouring under any social or religious ban the right to be interred with a religious service—the service of the Church—that being the only one known at the time the custom arose." That this was the law there could be no doubt. Lord Stowell, perhaps the greatest ecclesiastical lawyer who had ever sat on the English bench, laid it down that "every parishioner had a right to be buried in the churchyard without leave of the incumbent." Further, "Until very recent times there was no law whatever to prevent a clergyman, if he chose, from allowing Nonconformists to perform any service they liked in the churchyard. In 1824, Lord Plunket, one of the greatest lawyers—it might be added one of the greatest men that had ever adorned the House, said: 1—"Suppose that the Protestant parson (that is, the Church of England clergyman) performs the rites of the Protestant Church (*i.e.* the Church of England), or that he waives their performance, there is no law in existence which in either case prohibits the performance of Dissenting rites in a Protestant (*i.e.*, a Church of England) churchyard." Mr. Osborne Morgan proceeded to add that this state of the law continued down to 1875, when the

Public Worship Regulation Act was passed, and he then cited the opinion of the Attorney-General, already quoted in the foregoing Essay, to the effect that this Act (and as it appears from the above statement, this Act alone) restrains a clergyman from the liberty of permitting the use of Nonconformist services in the churchyard. That Mr. Morgan, with the strong personal and political interest which he naturally has in keeping the question open, or at least in obtaining a distinct law on the subject, and that the Attorney-General, in support of the view taken by the majority of his party in the House of Commons, should make the most of this solitary and doubtful restriction on the liberties of the clergy and the Nonconformists, is perhaps no more than might have been expected. But that, with those strong inducements to magnify, from opposite points of view, the legal difficulties of the case, they should have been able to find but this one recent enactment in support of their view is decisive as to the fact that, in the ancient ecclesiastical and statute law of England down to 1875, there was no obstacle to the performance of Dissenting or other like services in the churchyards or consecrated cemeteries. Mr. Morgan glanced at the possibility that the Nonconformists who used the churchyard for this purpose might render themselves liable to a civil action for trespass. But this again does not affect the general question; it only arises out of the complex law of freehold, which, as regards the interment of the dead in the consecrated soil, has been universally conceded, and, in the case of consecrated cemeteries, affects not the clergyman, but the joint-stock company.

These facts, as thus laid down by Mr. Osborne Morgan, were not contradicted in any subsequent part of the debate; indeed by one speaker they were urged against his resolution as proving that it was, according to his own showing, not needed. The result, therefore, of the additional light thrown on the legal view of the

¹ *Hansard*, vol. x., 2nd Series, p. 1457, March 22, 1824. In Irish parlance "Protestant" means a Churchman as distinct from a Roman Catholic or Presbyterian, and "Parson" means the "Incumbent," as distinct from "Parish Priest," which means a Roman Catholic Pastor.

question by the debates in Convocation and in Parliament is this—

1. That every one dying in the parish has a right to be buried in the church yard, with or without a religious service, with or without the permission of the incumbent.

2. That there is no alleged instance of a law to prohibit the permission of the use of Nonconformist services except a single clause of the Public Worship Act in 1875.

3. That the only Act limiting the nature of those services is that of 23rd and 24th Victoria, c. 32, which is entirely confined to the restraint of riotous, violent, indecent, or turbulent behaviour in churchyards, such as those who seek this liberty would earnestly desire to see observed.

4. That the only remedy which an incumbent (in the case of a churchyard) or the proprietors (in the case of a consecrated cemetery) would have against the introduction of such usages would be not an ecclesiastical suit, but a civil action for trespass—for which the chief ground has been already cut away in the case of churchyards by the acknowledged right of interment.

And the practical conclusion is that the churchyards and consecrated cemeteries are therefore open to the Nonconformists without any further change of law.

The Public Worship Act, the only statute on which resistance is founded, manifestly applies only to the mode of procedure in case an act already unlawful has been performed; and it cannot be set in action without the concurrence of the Bishop of the diocese or the Archbishop of the province, who (although in the single instance of the Bishop of Lincoln such an attempt was threatened, but not put to the proof) would, it is presumed, in no case venture to make use of the machinery of an Act concerning which every member of the Legislature on or off the episcopal bench repeatedly declared that it was not intended to create, and could not create, new ecclesiastical offences. And further, if it were put in force, nothing would be more easy than for

the Primate who brought in the bill to move for the repeal of the clause—nothing more acceptable to the clergy whose protests have been the most clamorous against the admission of Dissenters, than to remove any part of a law which they profess to regard with at least equal detestation.

As to the civil suit for trespass, this remedy would, no doubt, be open to the incumbent of the parish or the proprietors of cemeteries. But a single case would be sufficient to determine how far a right which has ceased to apply to the soil could be made to apply to the air of the burial-ground. And supposing that the transference of the guardianship of churchyards to burial boards, as proposed by Mr. Walter, were effected, the opportunity for such suits would cease entirely.

There are further two general points, which the debates in Convocation and in Parliament suggest—

1. The divergence of the clergy and the laity on this point. In the general public, 15,000 out of 20,000 clergy have (under whatever pressure) signed a protest against the permission of extraneous services; out of several millions of laity, only 30,000.¹ In the Lower House of Convocation, 59 to 9 voted against this permission. In the House of Lords, a majority voted for it; and in the House of Commons, only the small majority of 15 out of 469 voted against it. If the Church includes the laity as well as the clergy, "the living voice of the Church" has thus expressed itself by an overwhelming majority in favour of the permission of extraneous services.

2. The opportunity suggested by even a doubt on the present state of the law opens an obvious road to a pacific solution of the question, in which there shall be no victory on either side; but in which each will retain the rights, and no more than the rights, which both have had from the earliest times of the English Church.

A. P. S.

¹ The lay petition included Dissenters as well as Churchmen, and therefore the proportion is that of the whole population.

A VISIT TO KING KETSHWAYO.

SUCH exaggerated accounts have been sent to England of the state of things in Zululand, and particularly of the "atrocities" which are said to have been committed by orders of the king, in respect of numerous native converts, and to have caused a sudden flight of many of the missionaries from the district, that your readers may be interested in a narrative of a visit which has just been made to the Zulu king, by a Natal native, written down by himself in Zulu, and literally translated into English.

The writer is the manager of my printing-office, which is wholly carried on by natives. I have had him with me from a boy for more than twenty years, and I am sure that his statements are thoroughly to be relied on, as accurate reports of what he has seen and heard in Zululand, and of what he believes with reference to the condition of that country, and the intentions and wishes of its present rulers. I have added a few notes of my own, explanatory of native words, &c.

J. W. NATAL.

BISHOPSTOWE, NATAL,
Oct. 29, 1877.

June 10.—I left Ekukanyeni [Bishopstowe] accompanied by my brother Ndokweni, Mboza, and Mbungumbu. I went to Mr. John (Shepstone),¹ and asked for a pass, telling him that I wished to visit some friends of mine living in Zululand, and also to see the King Ketshwayo. Mr. John wrote a pass for me, and I went and slept at Sikimiyana's, and the next day I slept at Edendale, as I wished to see Mazwi, son of Langalibalele, who was ill. The next day I went on and slept at my brother Sifile's, and the next I went to Hemuhemu, our chief by birth. He

¹ Acting Secretary for Native Affairs.

had a goat killed for me, and on the morrow I returned to Sifile. Hemuhemu was very glad to hear that I was going to Zululand; he encouraged me too by his words, though many of my friends said that I should be killed in Zululand, since Ketshwayo was killing right and left. I went on from Sifile's and slept at my brother Ntun-gunono's, and stayed with him about three days, and then started and made straight for my father's kraal at the Umzinyati.² I slept at Ngcazi's, and next day I slept at one of Pakade's kraals, where I found a great dearth of food, and the chief's wives, who were there, complaining bitterly about it; so we lay down without eating, and rose early in the morning, and went to sleep at William Ngidi's across the Tugela. We slept there two nights, and I went to Gwalagwala³ to ask for a pass to cross at the drift. He gave me a pass, and I went on and reached my father's kraal, where I stayed three days.

Well! on the day when we left my father's kraal, we went and crossed the Buffalo into Zululand, and went on to Njuba's, which we reached at mid-day, and we got to Esigedhleni, a kraal of Matshana's, in the evening. I sent a man to report me to Matshana, and was given a hut for myself and party; and shortly there arrived a leg of beef uncooked, which we grilled and ate, and slept. In the morning Matshana sent for me, and I went to him, into a hut of his isigodhlo.⁴ I asked him about the killing of people, saying "I am very much surprised to hear the stories about killing in Zululand.

² Buffalo River.

³ Resident Magistrate at Umsinga on the Zulu Border.

⁴ Private apartment.

But I should very much wish to hear clearly from you, sir, if it is really true that I too shall be likely to be killed; since then I will go back at once. All my friends are afraid that I shall be killed in Zululand." Said Matshana, "I know nothing about any such matter here in Zululand. No one is killed, if he has not done wrong." Said I, "I hear what you say, sir; but can all that which is spoken be false, then?" He said "Yes."

Well! we passed on towards the king, and slept at Pakatwayo's, who, however, was not at home, but his sons treated us well, and procured food for us, while their sister cooked. We arose very early in the morning, and passed through a beautiful [burial] grove of a former chief of the ama-Cunu, uLembede, son of Ndima, where he was buried; there the soil of the valley is red.

As to that Chief Lembede, the people of that place still take great care of that grove, as those of the Zulu kings are always guarded so that no fire may touch the grass of those places. There is Senzangakona's grove, and Mageba's and Jama's; but Tshaka's is farther south, on the Natal side of the river [Tugela]. Those people of Lembede, though they are now under Zulu rule, reverence always that grove of their former chief; they never burn wood from that grove, because they would be burning a man of their own tribe. It is said that once upon a time some of their people went and chopped some of Lembede's wood, and he found fault with them in the form of a snake, according to that belief of theirs. uLembede, then, was very angry and went to the kraal which had chopped that wood, until a number of cattle were turned out and eaten to make atonement, and then that snake returned to his grove. It is said also that when those people at Lembede's thank their *idhlozi* (ancestral spirit) they go first to that grove and thank Lembede, and slaughter an ox, and then slaughter others at their kraal.

I have seen his kraals and passed through them. That grove, it is said, was there before the time of Tshaka; and Tshaka himself is reported to have gone there once to look at it, because it was so beautiful.

We went on to the kraal of Nkisi-mane; but he was not there, but at another kraal of his lower down at the Ungoye hills. Well! when we got to Nkisi-mane's, his son was glad to see us, though he did not know us before, and sent his sister to cook for us, for we were exceedingly hungry. When we had eaten, he told me that I had better go to Mfunzi's, where I should find plenty of hospitality.¹ In the afternoon we went on and slept at the kraal of Nxaba, son of Mbeswa. Well! we arose in the morning and went on, and about 10 A.M. we saw Mfunzi's kraal. Ah! and Mfunzi saw me a long way off, and I saw him a long way off, and he ran and came, and I too got down from my horse and went to him, and we greeted each other. He took us into a hut, and said, "O! and I was actually dreaming of you! Look you, I have just been sitting talking with my people, and telling them how I dreamt I was speaking with the young lady [Miss Colenso] and the Inkas' Sobantu [the Bishop]. Now I see that these dreams of mine will make me run away another day if I should dream of being killed." He procured food for us, and took a fine calf, and slew it, and we ate. On the morrow food of all kinds was brought from his kraals, for he is an *umnumzana* [head-man] with kraals under him.

The next day I and my brother went up to visit the missionary, Mzimela [Rev. R. Robertson]. When we got there, he was glad to see me, and, it being Saturday, he wished me to stay till Monday.

I asked Mr. Robertson for writing-paper, that I might write letters home [to Bishopstowe]; he gave me some

¹ Mfunzi and Nkisi-mane were Mageba's friends, Zulu Indunas, who had been repeatedly at Bishopstowe.

note-paper and envelopes, and I wrote two letters. He gave me snuff, and he gave my brother a pair of trousers, and he gave us beer to drink, and beans.

He then took me and my brother, and showed us a very pretty chapel and its beautiful decorations; he opened the harmonium and played it, and I too played it.¹ He took us also to see his school, and then we went again into his house. I asked him, saying, "All this beautiful labour of yours, which cost a deal of money—will you abandon it?" Said he, "Oh yes, but I don't care so much about the house and other things; I care most about these papers of mine. But I intend to put them in my hole, and go. For truly now I shall be left behind alone, and my people will go away. However, I shall not go away immediately; I shall wait till the proper time has come for it." I was much grieved to see such beautiful work, which would be left behind upon the ground and be destroyed. We then said good-bye to him and returned to Mfunzi.

In a few days we started, Muenzi accompanying us, and made straight for the king's kraal, Mfunzi having sent a messenger to Nkisi mane to say that I had arrived. We left Mfunzi's, and slept at a small kraal of the king, called Ekudumeni. There we had a little difficulty; for a young man of that kraal, Nondhla by name, wanted to turn us out of his hut, and at last we went and slept at another kraal (Tshukú's) hard by. But the next day he atoned for his act with a [present of a] goat. Well! we went on, and slept at a kraal (Nomkwayimba) on this side of the White Imfolozi (river). We took a calf from some cattle of the king's which were there, which Mfunzi told us to slay and eat, and not go hungry.

In the morning we arose and went to the Inhlungwanzi (river), where the king was living. We arrived early,

¹ Magema can play the chants, &c., for service.

while it was yet morning. And when we had entered within the kraal Ezinhlehlheleni, Mfunzi took us, myself and Mboza, to the hut of the Chief Induna [Prime Minister], and we went and saluted him. He was glad to see us, having already heard that we should arrive by the messenger who had been sent by Mfunzi while we were at his kraal. He asked for what purpose I had come, and I told him that I desired to see the king and speak with him. He asked if Sobantu was well; I said "Yes." And presently we left the hut and went outside.

When we had gone outside the hut I saw two converts, young men.

Well! we two sat down with those two converts under the shade of a tree outside the kraal, and I began to ask about the evil things I had heard as to the killing of converts. They told me that two converts had been killed, and this is the account which they gave me:—

"There was a man of Gaozi's who had been a convert for two years. When Gaozi first heard that his man wished to become a convert he tried to prevent it, and collected his council to inquire closely about the conversion of that man. But as the man would not abandon his conversion, the Induna Gaozi let him alone, to be a convert if he pleased; but he ordered that the king should not be told about that matter. So things remained until a whole year had passed. But afterwards, when the second year was nearly at an end, the missionary Mondí (Mr. Oftebro) went and told the king about that man's conversion, Gaozi not having told him what he should say to the king, and being moreover absent from home at the time. When the missionary told that matter to the king, he was astonished to hear that it had been hidden from him by Gaozi, and sent a man to hear the truth about it from Gaozi. When Gaozi heard that, he was alarmed, thinking that the missionary had gone to inform against him to the king,

because he had concealed that matter from him; and he sent an impi¹ to kill the man at once, before Ketshwayo had sent a word of reply to him. So the impi went to kill him; and when it came to him, the convert, whose name was Maqamsela, asked them where they were going. They said that they had come to kill him. Whereupon Maqamsela bravely told them that he would not run away, but he begged that they would allow him time to say a few words of prayer. They consented, and he knelt down and prayed, and, when he rose up, he told them that he was ready now to die. Those who were sent, however, were all afraid to kill a man who was guilty of no fault at all, and they just stood and looked at him. Then some young fellow came forward and fired at him with a gun, and so died Maqamsela."

Such were the words spoken by those two converts to me and my brother. I particularly inquired of them if it was Ketshwayo who had sent to order that man to be killed. The converts denied that utterly, and insisted that Ketshwayo was not at all to blame for that shedding of blood. Ketshwayo, in fact, is grieved to see the missionaries leaving him, when he had done nothing to them. However, before I went to Zululand I heard that certain converts from Zululand had come to report to Mr. John [Shepstone] that Ketshwayo was killing the converts, and that he had killed an *innceku*² of his, because he did not come to the king at his order, now that he was become a convert. Perhaps that *innceku* was Maqamsela. Besides, of the two converts with whom I spoke at Ezinhlendhlani, one was a Zulu, and they had been sent by the missionary Mondi to inquire of the king why the missionaries and their converts were obliged to run away from Zululand. And Ketshwayo, who knew nothing about their going away, replied to those converts that

Mondi might go away if he liked, or might stay if he did not wish to go.

Those converts also told me the story of the death of another convert who was killed by Sintwangu's people down below. They said: "That convert came upon an ox which had died of disease, and sat down with the people, and all of them ate the flesh of it. After a while the convert went away to his own kraal. When he had gone away, there came other people of the neighbouring kraals to ask for some flesh of that dead beast, and, after eating it, many of the people became ill. Thereupon Sintwangu's people said that this was caused by that convert's having put poison in the meat, and they went to his kraal in a body and killed him. That matter was just like the case of Sigatiya, Matshana's man, who was said to have killed Ntwetive with poison, whereupon Ntwetive's people arose and bound Sigatiya with cords and kicked him with their feet, laying their grief to his account [a well-known case in Natal some years ago]. Evidently that convert was killed, though perfectly innocent of any fault, just like Maqamsela, who died through the error of Gaozi and Mondi, though I don't know why those two agreed to conceal that matter from the king. And so with that convert who was killed by Sintwangu's people, his death happened through a matter which was not clearly apparent to the people. But the Zulus affirm that the poison which killed those people was like that which is placed in meat to kill hyænas and leopards [strychnine, or ? arsenic]. It is said that all who were saved were made to drink milk, or vomited, and so were saved.

Well, we arrived in the morning to the king, at his kraal Ezinhlendhlani, near his grand kraal of Maizekanye,³ which name was given to it by way of threatening the Boers, meaning that if they came they would find him ready to fight with them. But at that particular time the king could

¹ Force of armed men.

² *Servant*, here officer of the household.

³ *Lit.*, "Let the whole force come on!"

not show himself even to his own people, in accordance with certain customs of the Zulus, as he had just been under treatment with a view to having progeny. For in Zululand the king has certain times of abstinence, and the people too in like manner. The chief time of abstinence is that of the new moon, on which day no person does any work. Another is on a day when hail falls, or when a great wind blows, or when lightning strikes anything, or when a neighbour dies, on which day they go not out of the kraal, nor do any work.

Well! when we had been sitting some little time inside the kraal, lo! there was Nkisi mane coming with his attendant. Mfunzi sent an *innceku*, Siwunguza, to go and tell the king that I had arrived. And I told Siwunguza that I desired to see the king, and that I wished to tell him about Langelibalele, and about other matters. The *innceku* returned and asked, "Where is Langelibalele?" I said, "He is at Capetown, he is well in health." He carried off those words to the king, and came back bringing meat, and we went to sleep at Maizekanye.

Now I will copy the words which I wrote while we were staying at Maizekanye.

July 23.—Since I have reached this kraal, I have not seen the king till this day. This morning at 8 A.M. we¹ went in to the Chief Induna Mnyamana, I and Mfunzi, and Nkisi mane, and Mboza, and he gave us some beer. As we came out from the Chief Induna, we saw the king standing at the top of the kraal speaking with his people, who were seated in great numbers;² he was standing at the entrance of the cattle kraal.³ On seeing him we went up to pay our respects. Ketshwago is a black *ikehla* [head-ringed man], resembling his father

[the late Mpande or Panda], and firm in flesh. He is large, but his body is firm, not flabby, like the bodies of other large men among the Zulus. His face does not look so well as it did formerly.⁴ He had on to-day a spotted blanket. After paying our respects, we went down to the bottom of the kraal. When the people went away from before him, the king sent to call us, he still standing at the same place. We came to him and sat down, and I spoke with him as follows:—

Magema. Ndabezita,⁵ I have come here with the desire to see you. I wish also to tell you that a [hole for lamentation] door of intercession for Langelibalele has been opened to-day by the Governor (of Natal). Mr. John (Shepstone) says that it would be well that all who lament for him should come forward. I left the black chiefs in Natal going there to the governor, together with the amalubi from Basutoland. Also I wish to know about that which is said by people, viz. that you are killing people continually, without having tried their cause, and although the man may not be worthy of death. For you see, sir, those reports last year very much grieved Sobantu, till at last he sent to you, and wrote letters to go to the chiefs over the sea on the words which were spoken in your name by Mfunzi and Nkisi mane. Those words plainly showed that these reports were false, and so they were silenced who spread those evil reports about you. And now it will be a joyful thing for me to hear from my lord, the King Gumede,⁶ that truly such is the case; then I shall know from whom Mfunzi and Nkisi mane received those words of denial. Further, I would inform you, Ngumede, that the son of Sobantu has arrived, by name Gebuza, who has come here to take in hand (in

¹ Magema carries a watch.

² The Zulu etiquette being that no one may stand upright in the presence of his superior.

³ Which is in the centre of the whole kraal.

⁴ I.e., when Magema saw him seventeen years ago.

⁵ A title of high respect, probably meaning "breaker-in-pieces of enemies."

⁶ Title of respect.

the law-courts) all matters concerning natives.

The king was glad to hear that matter of Gebuza's arrival.

Ketshwayo. Well! I am glad to hear what you say. You see Sobantu there is a father to me, he is not like other white men; his words are different from theirs, they are pleasant. And yet I do not know why he cares for me; he has not seen me from the time when he saw me quite a boy, on his way to the king (Mpande), when he was given the land Kwa'Magwaza. I hope that Sobantu will always have a care for me, for those white men are talking—talking—talking, and they want to come down with might upon me. But for my part, as I have done no wrong, I will not run away. And yet through that I know the ruin of the land will come. For this land and these people whom I rule are Senzangakona's, I have not *konza'd*¹ for them to any one whatsoever; it is only myself in person that have *konza'd* to the English; I have not *konza'd* for these people of ours. As for me, look you, I don't approve of killing a man. But the Zulu people are bad; it is they who wish to kill one another, whereas I do not allow it. Here, you see, are Mfunzi and Nkisi mane still alive, whom people have been after continually, seeking that they should be killed. Well! how is it that they are still alive? And in the time to come you will find them still here.

Magama. Ndabezita, I should wish much to hear also about those stories of converts whom it is said you are killing. For, when I was there at home, it was reported that three converts had come to inform Mr. John (Shepstone) about them. And, moreover, this very day, I find the missionaries and converts already gone, running away from you. I wish to know the meaning of this.

Ketshwayo. Au! they are liars! Do you hear what he says? I too don't understand the meaning of that;

¹ Done homage.

I only see that all the missionaries have gone away, without my knowing why they are gone away, without their having said a word to me, whereas I had treated them very kindly. Therefore, since they have gone away secretly from me, they had better go away for good, and not come back any more. For truly I don't know any good at all that they have ever done for me; all they did was to say that all the people ought to be converted, together with all my soldiers, and Mzimela (Mr. Robertson) himself is continually saying so to me. But I had him there, for I answered him that we don't know anything about that; he had better go and make converts of the soldiers of his own people first, and after that these people of ours may be converted. On my word I don't know what wrong I have done to those white men who have gone away from me.

Magama. King of kings! That is good. Gumede! And I too say, sir, that the soldiers of the king and the whole Zulu people should be converted. For what means that being converted? Is it not a good thing to be converted? To be converted, sir, it is to practise what is right and good before men and in one's own heart, to carry a white heart through reverencing Him who made all men. That is not being converted, Gumede, when people cast off the power which is appointed to rule over them, and despise their king, and go and live with the missionaries.

Ketshwayo. A! Well then, if that were the case, it would be all right, since that is quite proper.

Magama. Ndabezita, that's true conversion, and that is what Sobantu wishes, that people should be converted, respecting their chiefs, and living in their own kraals.

Ketshwayo. O! well then? is Sobantu a white man, eh? Why Sobantu is quite an *umcentu* (native) like myself; he desires what is right and good.

Magama. Ndabezita, it ought to be known by all men that Unkulunkulu (the Great-Great-One) does not

live in the houses of the missionaries, that He is in all places. It is right that the people, being converted, should live in their own kraals, and pay respect to their king, and keep a clean heart, and worship Unkulunkulu.

Ketshwayo. Those words which you speak are good; they are quite a different thing; the missionaries don't do that. And, now that they have quite gone away, I don't know what they ever did for me; for, when I was in trouble about Langelibalele, they refused to help me; I was helped by Sobantu alone; they had better go away, and not come back any more. They ought at all events to have bid me good-bye, if they went away of their own accord, and then, when they wished to return, they might have done so; I should not have said anything to that.

Magama. Thou of the Great House! I should like to know who it is that takes from here all the stories concerning Zululand, and carries them to the white people?

Ketshwayo. It is the Zulus here, themselves, and the white men here, and travellers.

Magama. Gumede! Nkosi (Sire)! I don't at all understand that going away of the missionaries without your knowledge, when you had not harmed them. And for my part I commend that word of the king's that they had better not come back, since they have made a fool of the king; for he had given them land out of kindness, without their paying anything for it. And now they have gone away without saying good-bye to their king. I say the king had better stick to that.

Ketshwayo. Down there at Sintwangu's, a convert chanced to get hold of some meat of a diseased ox, and handled it, and some people became ill [? died] from eating it; thereupon those who mourned laid their mourning to the charge of that convert, and killed him. That matter was reported to me after the convert had been killed. I was startled at that

when I heard it, and blamed Sintwangu's people very much for killing a man without my orders. But they assured me positively that he did that. I said that they ought to have brought him bound to me that I might hear the charge against him. But that convert did, no doubt, a very bad deed.

The other convert [who was ill-used] did not belong to the missionaries. He was a man of ours, who, having become a convert, was killed by our people without my orders. For this is the sort of thing the converts do. There was one of Mondli's converts who took a girl of the (*isigodhlo*) royal harem, whom I meant to give to another man, her (intended) bridegroom having died. When that girl had been married to that convert, there went an *impi* without my orders, set on by the induna, and ate up that convert's cattle. When I heard of that, I sent a messenger with an order that they should restore all the property. But, for all that, I see that I am now in disfavour with the missionaries, though I don't know what harm I have done to them.

Magama. Baba, I for my part am rejoiced to speak with the king to-day. For I wish to hear all those words which are brought to us from time to time by these two men, fathers to me [Mfunzi and Nkisimane], your dogs, your feet, whom in particular I desired to bring me here into your presence, without whom I could not have come into your presence this day, whom I have brought in order to produce their words before you, that I might hear plainly whether they were speaking out of their own hearts or not. And there are many words of mine which I spoke to them when far away there at home, and I wish to hear whether they brought them to the king.

Ketshwayo. Quite right! But, look you, we are talking standing; and I shall like (some other day) to talk indoors, sitting down at our ease. Now, go down for a while below.

Thereupon we saluted respectfully

¹ *I.e.*, was not living with.

and went away, and the king entered a hut in the *isigodhlo*.

Well! those are the words of my talk with the king of the Zulus on the day when we began to see one another. There is the sad story of the death of that convert, who died without the king's knowledge. One who knows the story of the ruin of Matshana will see plainly how matters stand with black people, and how the black chiefs are attacked with accusations. Moreover, one who knows well the story of the ruin of Langalibalele and the charge brought against him by Mtshitshizelwa, and how he was blamed for the guns which were brought for his young men by their white masters at the Diamond Fields, will see plainly that the death of that convert did not occur by the order of Ketshwayo, but through silly practices¹ that convert was killed. The king's word availed not, his silly people did according to their silliness, just as that man of Matshana's was killed, who was said by the *izannusi* (wizards) to have killed Ntwetwe by evil practices. Well, and the end of Sigatiya's affair, what was it? Why, Matshana was completely ruined through it; it was said that it was he who sent his people to kill that Sigatiya; and that talk, in fact, drove Matshana away from Natal, and he fled away to Zululand. After many years the truth was brought to light through the trial of Langalibalele, that Matshana never sent men to kill Sigatiya; and so Matshana was ruined for nothing at all, and his people were killed for nothing at all. Will it be the same, I wonder, in the case of Ketshwayo? It ought to be thoroughly known that Ketshwayo is wholly blameless in respect of the death of the convert.

As for the other sad story of the death of a convert in Zululand, which I was told by Ketshwayo. I was told it also by the two converts of Mondli's. Ketshwayo's words confirm those of the two converts, and their words confirm those of Ketshwayo.

¹ "Smelling out."

It is right that all people should know that Ketshwayo loves his people; he does not at all wish that they should kill one another, or that he himself should kill them. He has altogether abandoned the policy of Tshaka and Dingane, and carries on that of the English in earnest. He does not wish to hear with one ear only. If one man has gone to inform against another he summons him who has been informed against, that he may hear and decide the case properly. If a man has committed a great crime he makes him pay a fine with cattle. During all the time I stayed in Zululand I saw Ketshwayo sitting in his seat, judging the causes of his people, and his judgment was excellent and satisfactory.

July 27.—The king called me, desiring to speak with me words of farewell. I went into the *isigodhlo*, together with Mfunzi and Nkisisimane and Mboza. When we had entered we sat down and saluted respectfully. We said—"Bayete!"² Whereupon the king said—"Au! why do you sit so far away, Nkisisimane? Come near, and then we shall hear one another." And so we went near, for in fact it was I who was in front of the others, and I was afraid to approach very near. But the king called me and bade me approach close to him, until at last we were so near that one of us might have stretched out his arm and touched the other. I pulled out my papers from the pocket of my jacket and began to write a few words, watching, too, for the king's reply that I might write it down also. I then uttered my words about the rule in Zululand, as follows:—

"Gumede! thou of the source of the Great House! I am rejoiced to speak with you to-day. Moreover, I am astonished that you, being so great a king of the whole country, should have the heart to speak with me, who am a mere nothing, a mere boy, a dog of a dog, the merest dust here upon the ground. But I know that the king is exceedingly wise above

² The royal salutation.

many people. And now there is one point which I especially admire in the government of the Zulus this day. For I see nothing whatever of what I was told of before I came hither, viz., that here in Zululand people are killed for nothing at all, innocent people, and that the king has no concern for his people. On that account, Silo [Leopard], all my friends warned me not to come here, till at last I went and inquired of the Inkos' Mr. John [Shepstone], who said that there was nothing of the kind.

Ketshwayo. O! Mr. John spoke the truth; he is not a baby.

Magama. Well, but—Nkos'—ever since I arrive here I have not heard of anything evil, I have not seen any man killed; all I have seen is the king judging the cause of the people, just as they do at home in Maritzburg. But, Gumede, there is one matter which I do not like, and which I wish to lay before you. When Tshaka and Dingane forbade that there should be wizards (*izanus*), they came to an end, whereas I find the land governed by witchcraft.¹ But I know that you are wiser than other men; I thought also that wisdom advances continually day by day, so that we of the generation of to-day are wiser than the generations that are past. I do not approve of that matter of the *izanus*, it is bad, they are madmen; the rule of the king will not come clearly into the light, if he allows his people to be governed by such processes. Why in Zululand then the king is—the *izanus*! and the Indunas are—the *izanus* too! for there is not a case that is heard in which a person has not been smelt out to begin with by *izanus*. To my mind, Gumede, this seems utterly bad, and I do not wish to conceal from the king an evil practice.

Ketshwayo. Yes, indeed, you have spoken truly. We know that Tshaka put a stop to that; he killed the *izanus* because they told lies about people; he chose out *izanus* who could

be depended on for truth. But nowadays everybody says that he is an *izanus*, though they are only seeking to deceive with evil practices. At this time, for instance, there is a great deal of sickness among women who have been doctored [with philtres] by [black] doctors, fetched by the young men from among the white folk in Natal. And the one thing is connected with the other. So I, too, complain very much about the *izanus*.

Magama. Ndabezita, I wish to hear about that girl of the *isigodhlo* (royal harem), who was taken to wife by the convert; what became of her?

Ketshwayo. That girl, the daughter of Mlomowedhlozi—that's her father's name—is among the white people (in Natal), and that convert ran away with her to the white people. When they ran away I let them alone, and the cattle too, which that convert had to pay as fine.² I returned them to the missionary (Mondi).

Magama. Yes, sir, that was very right.

During all this time while we were sitting with the king the girls of the royal house were wondering very much at seeing me write all the words that were spoken by the king, and expressed their astonishment loudly.

Ketshwayo. Ah! I for my part am greatly pleased with Sobantu for the pains he has taken about Langelibalele. Why! it seemed as if he were actually fighting for myself on behalf of Langelibalele. I was hoping that, if he was allowed by the authorities, he would place him here in my hands, and I would take him and place him in his old land at Engcuba.

Here the king, while speaking thus, stretched out both his hands.

Magama. Baba, when I set out from home, I went to take leave of Mr. John, and he said that I was to salute very much for him the king and Matshana. For, sir, we are living pleasantly, and all is quiet, and the business of bringing back Langelibalele is being considered.

² For carrying her off.

¹ Ukubula, "divination."

Ketshwayo. And do you too hear the story about Somtseu (Sir T. S.), that he is coming here to make us pay hut-taxes?

Magama. No, Ndabezita, I have not heard it.

Ketshwayo. Do you say that you hear nothing—not a word—to the effect that we are to be made to pay taxes?

Magama. No, Gumede, I know nothing about that; I can't repeat the talk of people which is like mere wind.

Ketshwayo. We don't know truly what to make of it. But if Somtseu should come here to us, we shall just inquire of him, begging him to restrain his arms a little while at first, until he has told us, and we perhaps let him alone, and agree to what he says; for truly we will not run away, since we have done no wrong whatever towards the government; we shall just stand, and see what he will do to us.

Magama. Ndabezita, it would be very good that you should allow that black men who have been taught should settle in your land, and carry on the work of teaching, and enlighten thoroughly your land.

Ketshwayo. I too should like that exceedingly. But as to the missionaries, I don't want them any more, since they have broken off (*hlubuka*¹) from me without saying a word of farewell to me.

Magama. And I too, Ndabezita, would not say anything about white men (settling here); I speak only about black men.

Ketshwayo. You see, this killing of people, we know nothing of it here; it is news to us. But on the day when Somtseu was here we told him that we should kill an *umtagati*,² and also any one who should defile the royal harem. And Somtseu agreed to that, and said that

among his own people too a man who does those things is killed.

Magama. Yes, Gumede, that is right, provided that you have heard the cause of such an one, and have seen certainly that he has done the evil. The white people are not speaking of this sort of thing when they say that you are killing people.

Ketshwayo. Look you,—you will go with Mfunzi and Nkisismane, who go to make my lament for Langalibalele to Mr. John, and will then go on to my father Sobantu. By which road will you go?

Nkisismane. Baba, we shall go by the lower road, and cross the drift at Emakabeleni.

Magama. But I shall go on to Matshana, and cross the drift at my father's place.

Ketshwayo. Not so; it's not good that you should separate from one another. Won't Magema be in want of food? You must go with him, and go on to Etaleni, and go there to Makelekehlana, and get from him for Magema a calf [yearling] from among those black ones of mine; and then go to Gwadi, and get for him two good fat wethers. And tell Makelekehlana that he must not do as he is continually doing to me;³ tell him that this man is my mouth, who speaks for me even when I am not there in person; so that every man at whose kraal you sleep shall give you out of the king's cattle, that he may not want food.

We all thanked the king. Afterwards the king bade us go into the great house into the *isigodhlo* and have some beer given to us. We thanked the king, and bade farewell, and went out. We were admitted into the *isigodhlo*, and were given beer, and drank, and went out, and went to bid farewell to the Indunas in the hut of Mnyamana (Chief Induna), where were the Indunas Mnyamana and Vumandaba.

¹ Thus the missionaries *hlubuka'd*, that is, they separated from Ketshwayo. This is the word which in Langalibalele's case was always translated in official documents "rebelled."

² Evil-doer, murderer.

³ Play me his usual trick (saying that he has not got the animal which the king orders).

Magama. Gentlemen, I have now come to bid you farewell.

Mnyamana. I should like Ntshingwayo to be called, and to come here.

So Ntshingwayo was called, and entered the hut, and a large *isikamba* [pot] of beer was brought that we might wet our lips.

Mnyamana. Be so good as to tell us, and let us hear, what you have said to the king.

Magama. Well, then, Buteleri,¹ I for my part have enjoyed myself with the king. But I wish to tell you that the *izanusis* are doing what is not right; and whereas Tshaka and Dingane condemned them, you, the king's Indunas, allow them to be here. That seems to me bad—very bad. I wish to tell you that all the Zulus across the Tugela (refugees in Natal) wish to return here to-day, being oppressed with trouble coming from the white men, through having to pay much money to the government and to the white landowners. But I assure you that there is not one who will come back to be killed, for truly you are people ruled by *izanusis*, who tell you that this or that person is an evil-doer. I don't believe for a moment that those persons are evil-doers, and I blame very much your doings in this respect. Why, don't you know that you have now joined yourselves entirely with the laws of the Queen? I don't see what good you are doing by allowing these *izanusis*. Further I wish to tell you that it would be good that all the children of Zululand should be instructed, and get power to be wise like white men. Your sons ought to speak with the white chiefs, and to go across the sea, and speak with the great Queen of the English, who is kind and gracious in all she does; you ought to know that. Now I can venture to speak with you thus freely, for I admire—I admire the government of Zululand as it is carried on by you. I should say confidently that among the Zulus the

country is quiet, and life is pleasant here; nay, I find here what is most excellent, the king judging the causes of his people. I had been told that many people were being killed; and you know that Sobantu and all good white men are grieved to hear that, and it grieves all native people too like myself. Now I bid you farewell. But I wish to tell you that to my mind Ketshwayo's doings which I have seen are excellent. There ought to be here some instructed black men to instruct your children. Also I ought to tell you that I have spoken with Sobantu, and told him that I wish to go to Capetown some time or other, and see the living and ruling and doing of the white men.

All this they agreed to, saying that my words were excellent. All three also gladly assented to the teaching of the children. They parted pleasantly from us, and begged to be very much remembered to the Inkos' Sobantu. We went off, and went to sleep at Ensindeni.

Now let me give some account of the peaceful state of Zululand. Well, in Zululand there is no war; there is no mustering of people for evil work; there is no calling together an *impi*. A little while ago Somtseu (Sir T. S.), son of Sonzica, sent a messenger to Ketshwayo to say that he was going to set the Boers to rights, and Ketshwayo must collect an armed force to assist him, in case anything should happen from the Boers fighting with him. So Ketshwayo mustered the whole tribe of the aba Qulusi, which lives to the north, and said that they were to stay assembled at Somtseu's word, and to attend to Somtseu's word, and, in case the Boers should fight with him, then the aba Qulusi were to render help, and go at once to assist Somtseu. Ketshwayo did all that, wishing to obey the commands of the Queen, though he did not want to do it, since no occasion had yet arisen for his fighting with the Boers, as they had not attacked him; but, from what

¹ The name of an ancient ancestor here used as surname for Mnyamana.

I saw at Maizekaueye, he is well prepared with ammunition, &c., in case any one should attack him. Well, so the aba Qulusi stayed on in full force until Kaitshana came, sent by Somtseu, to say that all was right, there was no fighting among the Boers, and then the aba Qulusi dispersed to their homes.

The next day we arose at Ensin-den, and said farewell to Gaozi, and went on our way. . . .

When we reached Ekukanyeni (Bishopstowe), all our own people rejoiced, and all our friends, to see that we were not killed. The two Indunas went with me to Mr. John; we waited several days while the Inkos' was occupied with his duties, and at last we saw him.

Well! on another day Mr. John called us. And when I entered there with Mfunzi and Nkisi mane, there were in the room Manyonyo and Mqundane, and Manyosi, Indunas, to listen to the matter that was to be talked about by the Indunas of Ketshwayo. Mr. John asked the names of the Indunas and wrote them down, and then bade them speak. They spoke all the words of their message, and Ketshwayo's lament for Langalibalele, who was kept a prisoner, and his prayer that the governor would, it may be, allow him to be brought back to Natal. The Inkos' was much

pleased, and told the Zulus that on the morrow he was about to start on a journey with the governor, and they must come back again on his return, when he would reply to those words, and would tell the authorities here that the Zulus had brought that message. Afterwards I produced my words before the Inkos' about the government in Zululand, and told him that not a man is killed by the king's orders in Zululand nowadays without his cause being heard, and that I only found fault with one thing, *viz.* that Ketshwayo allowed *isanusi* to be there. The Inkos' was very glad to hear my words, and agreed with me about that matter of the *isanusi*, and said that they ought not to be there. I told the Inkos' also about the killing of the converts, that it was not Ketshwayo who killed them. The Inkos' was glad to hear that, and said that he too did not understand "*ukukolwa*" (conversion) to be merely wearing white men's clothes; he said that "*ukukolwa*" was uprightness, doing what is good, and respecting also the authorities of the land.

The Inkos' gave Mfunzi and Nkisi mane beautiful spotted blankets and their supplies of meat daily. And he told them to come back when he should have returned from his journey, at which we rejoiced.

MAGEMA MAGWAZA.

EKUKANYENI, Oct. 29, 1877.

NOTE.

WITH reference to the remarks on translations of foreign military books, in the paper by a "Staff Officer," in *Macmillan* for February (page 325), we are informed that for the last year and a half the Council of the Royal United Service Institution have been endeavouring to fill up the hiatus in military literature referred to by our contributor. A portion of each number of the *Journal of the Institution* is devoted either to translations of foreign professional works or to original articles on the mode in which foreign nations deal with naval and military matters, such as tactics, organisation, &c.

EDITOR.